THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL COMEDY



PRICE ONE SHILLING

VOL. VIII
No. 47

FEBRUARY
1903

Digitized by G



PICTORIAL COMEDY

The Humorous Phases of Life depicted by Eminent Artists



"Such beauty seems to fold her."

Digitized by Google



She: "Papa is going to settle a hundred thousand on us." *The Baron:* "That's well. Now I can give you a suitable allowance."



PEGASUS AND PEGGY.

PEGGY is my muse's name,
Pegasus my pony's;
It is my delight to claim
Both of them as cronies.
One I drive, and one drives me—
Verse and the reverse, you see.

Pegasus I drive to praise
Peggy—none is sweeter!
Peggy in bewitching ways
Drives me into metre.
Verse and the reverse, you say?
I am versatile to-day.

Peggy loves a saddle-horse;
Pegasus, a bridle;
I love Peggy, who, of course,
Hates to have me idle.
Peggy, Pegasus, and pride:
All diversely versified.



The Rose: "I knew the lily bore a bad reputation, but I never thought they would tie him to the stake. I suppose they will set fire to him next."

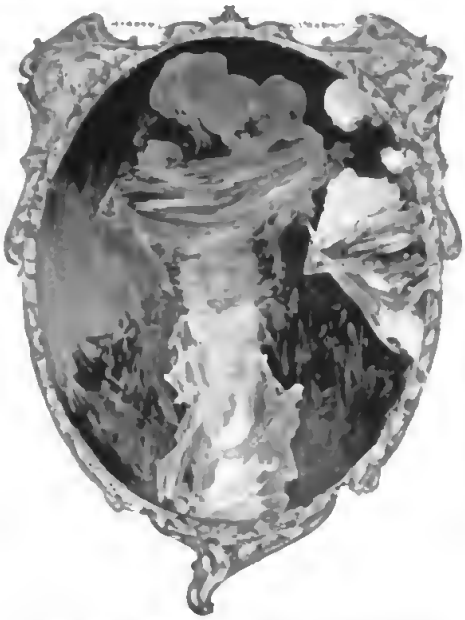
Digitized by Google



A CONDITIONAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"There is something here, Billy, that I want to give you for Christmas, if you think you can afford it."

Digitized by Google



Blanche: "Mabel says that her engagement to Tom is a secret." *Edith:* "Yes. Even Tom does not suspect it."



AMBIGUOUS.

She: "Papa saw you embracing me last night." *He:* "Ah, what did he say about it?" *She:* "Said that was nothing against me."



She: "Now that we are to be married we must begin to save. Promise me you will do nothing you cannot afford." "But in that case I would have to break off our engagement."

Digitized by Google



The Rich Widow: "The man I marry must be one I can rely on to take charge of my estate and protect my interests."
He: "How fortunate we met!"



The Actor: "'Tis too late! One or both of us must die." *The Actress (aside):* "If you want to make a hit with the audience, make it both."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. Gibson

THIS IS THE SEASON WHEN EVEN

Digitized by Google



THE SNOW MAN HAS A HEART.

Digitized by Google

A CHRISTMAS CABLE.



I SEND my love, across the sea,
The greetings of the season;
The message must be brief, but she
Will understand the reason.

To "Sweetheart, Delhi"—thus it reads
"Love; kisses; lonesome; waiting."
I'm sure that my devotion needs
No more elaborating.

My name I really needn't sign
The message needs no ending;
She'll know, of course, it must be mine
And there's the cost of sending. . . .

So was that loving message sent
To her from Piccadilly.
In triplicate her answer went
To Jerry, Jack, and Billy.

How like his vanity, the dunce!
To think a girl like Mabel—
Engaged to seven men at once·
Could think who sent that cable!



A SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS.

"Did you find Mrs. Smiley a good entertainer?" "Splendid! She makes you feel away from home at once."

Digitized by Google



IN DAYS OF OLD.

IN days of old, the long ago,
When blushing belle and dashing beau
Drew round the cheerful inglesde
To play the games of Christmastide,
Those merry games which—*comme il faut*—
We of to-day vote rather slow
(Grandfather never golfed, I trow,
And "bridge" was not the social guide
In days of old);

A quaint old age of calico,
Of ruffle, frill, and furbelow,
An age of honest, simple pride
(When grandmamma was made a bride);
They danced, they kissed, and did not know
That microbes lurked in mistletoe
In days of old.

Digitized by Google



HER REMINDER.

Dick: "I thought you and she had fallen out, and that you were not going to give her anything at Christmas?" *Bill:* "I wasn't. But how could I help it? She sent me a bunch of forget-me-nots the other day."

Digitized by Google



Uncle: "Yes, the twenty-first of December is the shortest day in the year. Which is the longest day in the year?" *Daisy:* "The day before Christmas."

IN NONSENSE LAND.

WHEN Christmas comes in Nonsense Land
They usher it in with a rubber band;
Their Yule log is made of kitchen coal,
And the boar's head's brought in the wassail bowl.

They trim their Christmas trees with shears,
And they all wear earrings in their ears;
By singer machines their carols are sung,
And by a hangman their stockings are hung.

The King makes every one a gift
Of a circular sieve that will not sift,
While each of his subjects presents to him
A feathered fish that cannot swim.

As soon as it's light enough to see,
Every one climbs his Christmas tree,
And there he stays till the sun goes down:—
Oh, they're queer people in Nonsense Town!



AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Bertie: "Did you tell your father that I loved you for yourself alone?" *Miss Goldfleet:* "Yes; and he said you must be smarter than you looked if you could make me believe that!"



"Clarence looks happy since his rich uncle died and didn't leave him a penny."
"Yes; the lawyer for the estate has promised him half if he'll contest the will."

SHE WAS ABROAD.

YOU were abroad," said the visitor.
Said the maiden sweet, "Sit down.
Yes, I was abroad, and what is more,
I brought home a Paris gown."



"You were abroad. Come, tell me, dear,
What you saw in Berlin town?"
Said the maiden sweet,
"Not much, I fear.
It's lovely—that Paris gown."

"You were abroad. Did you view Pompeii,
And walk her wonderful streets?
Did you in the light of a modern day
Shed tears on the grave of Keats?

"You were abroad. I pray you, tell,
Did you wander in ancient Rome,
And did you stand, transfixed by a spell,
Under St. Peter's dome?

"You were abroad. Did you worship where
Great Dante carved his name?
Oh, answer quick. Did your sad heart share
The sorrows of endless fame?

"You were abroad." And the maiden sweet
Replied, in a study brown,
"Yes, I *was* abroad. It's quite complete
And lovely, that Paris gown!"



UP TO DATE.

Lilian (aged four): "Do you really think Santy will drive up with a sleigh and reindeers, and come down the chimney?"
Reginald (aged six): "No; it he's up to date he'll be driving a twenty-horse-power motor, and come right through the side of the house."

Digitized by Google



"My wife says, sir, that you attempted to kiss her." "My profuse apologies, sir. It was dark, and I thought it was some one else." "Don't mention it. I've made the same mistake myself."

A BALLADE OF OLD DAYS.



NOT mine to praise this modern art
That reeks of glue and paint undried,
The off-spring of a shrieking mart
Hallowed by gilt and naught beside:
Give me the tender hints that hide
In some old canvas mellowings
Age-draped as in her veil the bride—
I sing the grace of faded things.

This lace that hid a marquise's heart,
This fan an abbé versified:
One knew the quick blood's thrill and start,
One bears a Venus azure-eyed.
For this strange gaud a Princess sighed
(A jewelled Love despoiled of wings):
This snuff-box was a despot's pride
I sing the praise of faded things!

Veneer and tinsel play their part
These graceless days, and few deride;
Our eyes 'mid brazen colours smart—
For gold, not love, our brush is plied;
Time passes with a giant stride;
Not mine these garish gifts he brings
'Midst gold he flung aside I bide
I sing the grace of faded things!



L'ENVOI.

To you, who, ere the world was wide,
Served Beauty before Queens and Kings;
To you, who wrought and wove and died,
I sing the grace of faded things!

Digitized by Google


O'Neill



Digitized by Google



PAPA'S IDEAS.

Daughter: "Papa, mamma says birthday gifts are luxuries, but I say they are 'necessities.' Now, what do you say they are?" *Father:* "I? Oh, I say they are nuisances."



"So Reggie Broadlands is tracing back his ancestry?" "Yes; that's about the only thing his ancestors didn't do for him."



Edith: "Do you understand the language of flowers?" *Ethel:* "I do." *Edith:* "Then what does this bunch of rare blossoms that Albert sent me signify?" *Ethel:* "That a fool and his money are soon parted."

Digitized by Google



PLEASING TO HIM.

"I don't see why you like me any better because I am changeable." "Every time I kiss you it is like kissing another girl."

Digitized by Google



QUITE READY TO DEMONSTRATE.

She: "Is there any good reason for turning down the gas?" "Certainly, my dear. The scientific one is that when you reduce the pressure in one place you increase it in another."

Digitized by Google



A DISCREET APPROACH

"Will you advise me, Uncle Jack?" "Of course. What is it?" "Shall I ask you for five pounds or for ten?"

Digitized by Google



THE TROUBLE.

The Woman: "There's young Flashman, two tables from us. Is he well connected?" *The Man:* "Er—yes; but the wires are down, I believe."

OF KNIGHTHOOD'S FADED FLOWER.

I NEED no book of ancient days
To lure me to the whirling ways
Where to and fro the courtiers dance
And bend before their queen Romance
Trace to their ill-feigned plays!

No laurel wreath nor crown of bays
Slips from their dusty steeds that prance
To dim fanfares. Of ancient France
I need no book.



Let those who will dead knighthood praise,
Or on Beaucaire's red roses gaze
In some new-bound, ink-scented book:
To me Myrtilla's merest look
Is more than all their bauble plays.
I need no book.

Digitized by Google



"Is he an easy talker?" "Well, he's like a small boy and his Christmas bicycle—he starts out easily, but gets tiresome as he goes along."



SURPRISED.

Grandpa: "It pains me to see you cry, but you know I can't let you do just as you please." *Miriam:* "Oh, grandpa! I didn't think you could be so obstinate!"

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

BYGONE SUMMERS.—A Frieze

Digitized by Google



for an Old Gentleman's Room.



Gladys: "Isn't he awfully flat?" *Edith:* "Yes; but he has a motor, a yacht, and a drag. He's what you might call a flat with all modern improvements!"



REMOVING A DOUBT.

"If I thought it looked like Mrs. Brown's hat"—— "But, my dear, it doesn't! I know you'd rather look a fright than flatter Mrs. Brown by wearing a hat like hers!"

Digitized by Google



A MATTER OF SHAPE.—How is it done?



Mildred (*very superstitious*): "Oh, dear! I would never have accepted you, Jack, if I had remembered it was Friday evening!" *Jack*: "There's only one way to avert the evil omen, darling. We must very carefully kiss each other seven times at least every seven minutes during the first seventy minutes of our engagement."

Digitized by Google



IT CAN'T FAIL.

She: "Why are you so sure your play will be a success?" *He:* "Why, even the manager blushed when he read it."

Digitized by Google



SADLY LACKING.

"Did that last cook you engaged know her place?" "I think not. She didn't even get here."



AN OBJECT LESSON.

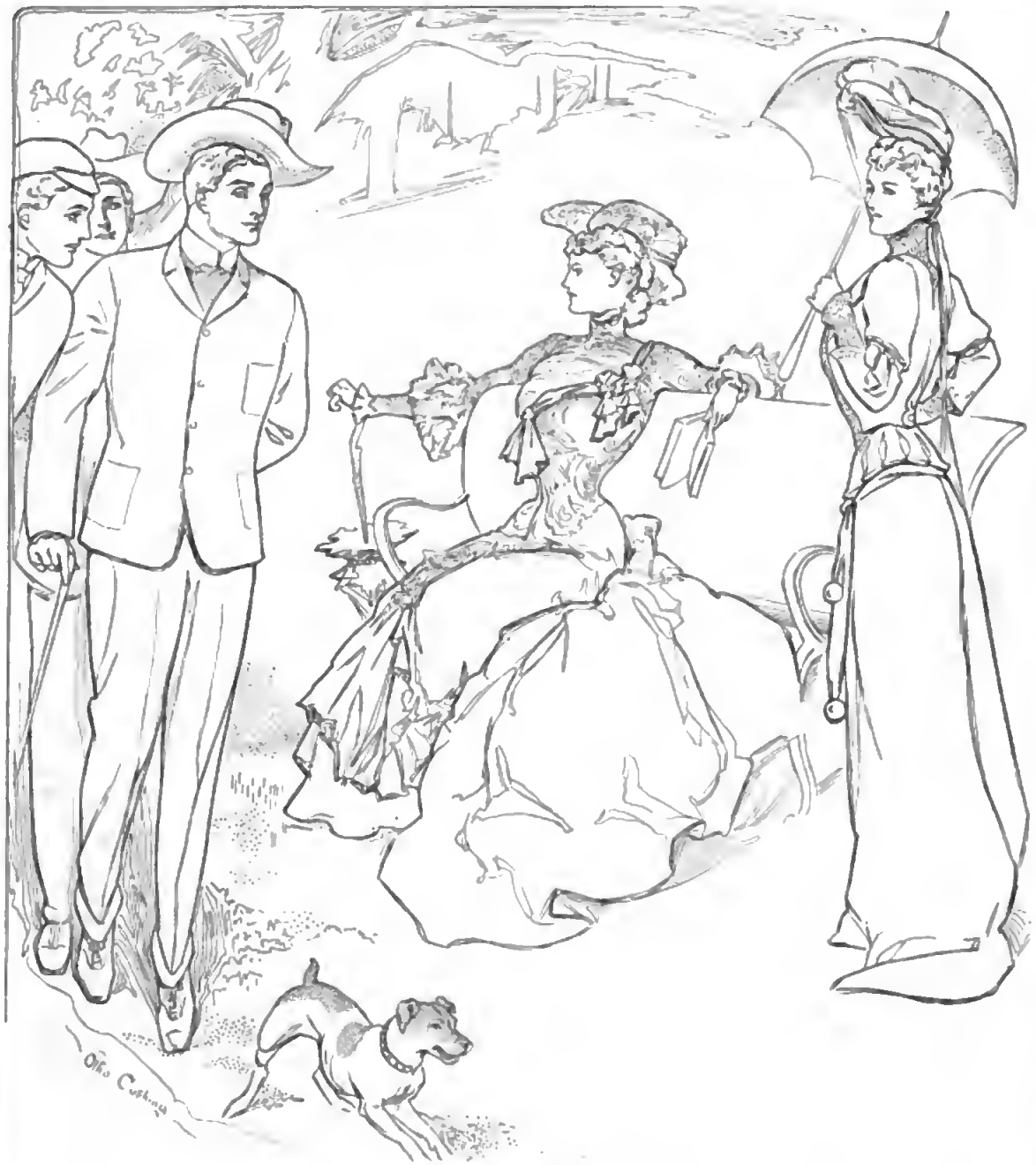
Hearts will break.



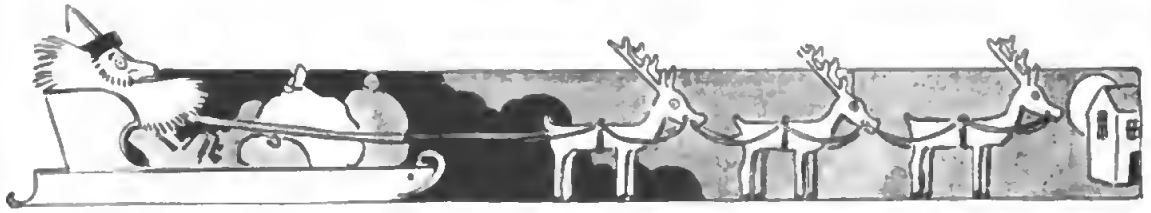
HIS OPINION.

"But you don't think he's mercenary, papa?" "Why, yes, I do. I'm afraid he regards marriage as a get-rich-quick scheme."

Digitized by Google



"What kind of a girl is she?" "She's the kind that when you press her hand she does the rest."



Digitized by Google



She: "Yes, I actually believe that a man will worry more over a valuable horse than he will over his wife." "Well, my dear, you mustn't cavil at that. Most men are brought up in a commercial atmosphere, where they acquire a keen sense of the true value of things."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. Gibson

Digitized by Google



aubson shows his latest work.



Stella: "I've accepted Charlie." *Her Uncle*: "When did he propose?" *Stella*: "He's going to-night."

Printed and Published by JAMES HENDERSON & SONS, at Red Lion House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL COMEDY

The Humorous Phases of Life depicted by Eminent Artists



Husband: "Do you mean to say that your judgment is superior to mine?" *Wife:* "Certainly not, my dear. Our choice of life partners proves that in inferiority of judgment we are equal."

Digitized by Google



A PRIMROSE PATH.

"Hasn't Miss Faddington anything on exhibition?" "No. I think she has given up painting. She finds it so much easier to be a connoisseur."

Digitized by Google



"I suppose you lost your heart to that American girl, too?" "Not quite; but it was frostbitten."

Digitized by Google



Gladys: "So he proposed in his motor-car after a week's acquaintance? What did you tell him?" *Dolly:* "Told him he was exceeding the speed limit."



GOLD'S POWER.

Gold surroundings, rarest, best,
Doris would attain;
Riches, at her proud behest,
All your coffers drain.

Poverty, should *she* request,
Buttelings restrain
Gold surroundings, rarest, best,
Doris would attain.

I will try with eager zest
What she craves to soon obtain;
In a locket I'll invest
And gratify her love of gain—

Gold surroundings, rarest, best,
Doris would attain.



She: "Why don't you go out occasionally, dearest, and enjoy yourself, say, at the club?" *He:* "But I don't want to get into the habit of having a good time."

Digitized by Google



THE HIGH FINANCE.

"Both have titles, and she doesn't know which to accept." "Isn't one as good as the other?" "Yes; but she can't tell in advance which is the cheaper."



THE USUAL WAY.

He: "How did you come to get interested in that story in the first place?" *She:* "Oh, I liked the way it ended."



"Remember, my daughter, that the 'meek shall inherit the earth.'" "Yes; but some self-assertive individual will always contest the will."



Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

ADVICE

If you wish to get on, devote



) SNOBS.

-ourself to those who entertain.

Digitized by Google



She. "Would you mind, dear, if I sat on the sofa?" "Why, don't you love me any more?" "Oh, yes. But I have been riding in jolting omnibuses all day, and I'm tired of sitting in men's laps."

Digitized by Google



A SYMPATHETIC STEED.

"I'll get them to put a side-saddle on, and you can try him." "No, thank'you, Tom. I feel sure he would bolt with me." "Perhaps you're right, Maud. I've often thought the old fellow knows what I want as soon as I do myself."

Digitized by Google



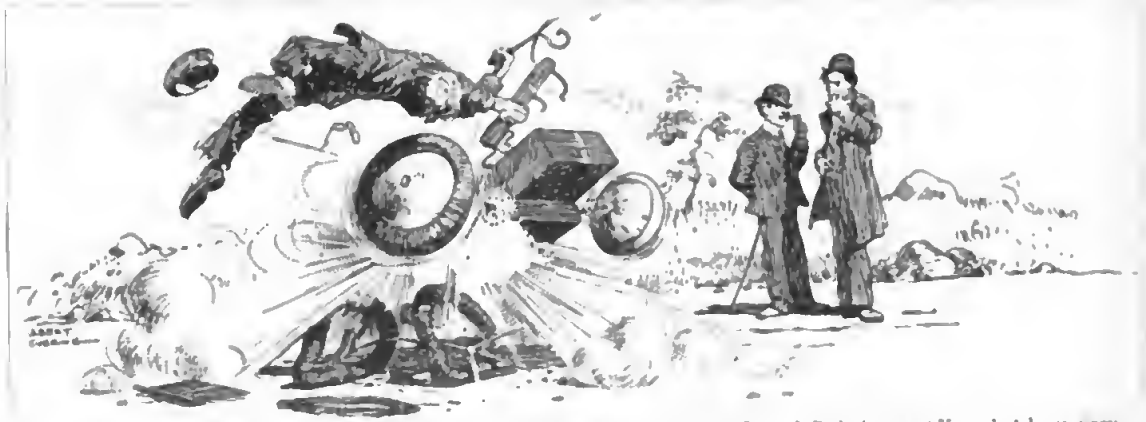
"Is your brother-in-law a well-informed man?" "I should say so. Why, his wife tells him everything."



THE ELOQUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

TWILIGHT'S mystery soft enfolds us,
Steals a spell that sweetly holds us;
O'er the sea the stars are dancing,
Misty moon's a-gleaming, glancing,
Woodland trees are gently sighing,
Balmy breezes sweeping, dying,
Nightingales are wooing, winging—
Oh, my lady, hear them singing!

The winds caress each other,
The forest whispers low;
The nightingales are mating,
The waves together flow;
The sheen is clasped by shadow,
There's love-light in the sky;
The star rays kiss the waters—
Then why not you and I?



First Pedestrian: "Well, I am afraid that motor-car is gone for good." *Second Pedestrian:* "Yes, but I am very much afraid he will still be able to use another."

Digitized by Google



ACCOUNTED FOR.

Ethel: "What a melancholy chap your friend is!" *Jerrold:* "Yes; he married in haste, and is repenting at leisure!" *Ethel:* "Indeed?" *Jerrold:* "Yes; he is an artist, and wedded to his art, you know."



ALL HE ASKED.

Mrs. Neverwed: "Remember, sir, that I am your wife." *Mr. Neverwed:* "Would you allow me to forget that long enough to have some photographs taken to-morrow looking pleasant?"

Digitized by Google



"Is he rich beyond the dreams of avarice?" "Gad, yes! Why, that chap's rich beyond the dreams of the Steel Trust!"



The Soubrette: "Oh, stop a moment. I'm not going in. I only want to look at the beautiful things in the window."
The Leading Man: "Then come on. There's a restaurant window at the next corner."

Digitized by Google



It is such a gladsome feeling when, in order to get ahead of his hated rival, a man travels two hundred miles to meet *her* at a house party, and finds that she has already accepted the other man.



HOW IT LOOKED.

First Office Boy: "I think the boss will end by marrying the typewriter." *Second Office Boy:* "Why so?" *First Office Boy:* "Why, he's kicking already about the money she's getting."

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



INT'S HOLIDAY.

Digitized by Google

WANTED, A TYPEWRITER.



PAULINE had literary aspirations. Instead of spending her allowance, as her more frivolous sisters did, on matinée tickets, ice-cream, and extravagant accessories of dress, she invested liberally in furnishings for her "den." Here she planned to invite to tea the select few of her intimate acquaintances who could understand and sympathize with æsthetic modes of living.

Pauline was not sure at first just what style of literary work she would pursue. She fancied that short stories, with occasional light verses, would perhaps be more in demand with the vulgar public than thoughtful essays on the destiny of the human race and the problems of soul affinities. She would consider the matter. First of all, however, she would furnish the den.

At length, when the rugs, pictures, books, and cosy corners were all adjusted to suit this young woman's fastidious taste, and the desk had been bountifully supplied with pens and reams of copy paper—such "beautifully smooth paper," she had described it—Pauline had prepared for herself an eccentric gown of dull green and gold, thrust a gold dagger through the Psyche knot that adorned her head, and announced herself thoroughly equipped for her literary labours.

All her mornings thereafter were spent in her den. She had read that the best authors took the morning hours for their work.

Inquiring friends of the family were informed that Pauline had started on a literary career.

Ah, then she was writing a book. No? Then she was writing for——

Just here Pauline's big brother Fred would explain, "Pauline writes for the magazines, you know."

"Ah, indeed. How interesting! You'll be sure to let us know when the stories appear?"

Fred always promised that he would.

However, as time passed and the stories failed to appear in the magazines, Pauline's spirits began to droop. Her bill for stamps was mounting higher each day, and she now had quite a collection of polite printed slips from editors who begged to thank her for the "privilege of examining the enclosed manuscript," and who regretted that her stories were "scarcely available for their uses."

"I know what's the matter!" cried Pauline, in a flash of illumination; "the stories should have been typewritten!"

"By Jove, you're right!" agreed Fred. "Editors haven't time to pore over a lot of scribbled paper. Look here, Pauline; why don't you advertise for a typewriter to come here and typewrite your stories under your own personal supervision? It won't take more than a week or two, and will pay in the long run. The typewriter would send her own machine up, and you could pay her by the day."

"Fred, you're a dear. Will you write the 'ad.' for me?"

"All right."

The big brother got out cards and a pencil, and was soon scribbling rapidly.

"How's this?" he asked, presently. "'Wanted, an expert typewriter, to do copying for a charming young literary lady at home of the latter. Morning engagement. Two weeks. Pay reasonable. Tea and cake thrown in.'"

"Now, Fred, no joking, please. I thought you were in earnest. I mean business. Do write a good, sensible 'ad.,' Fred. I thought you sympathized."

"So I do, little sister. But, honour bright, you do look stunning in that green and gold attar. Well, I must be off. I'll make your 'ad.' all right, and get the replies myself. Good-bye."

"Don't forget to ask them to submit specimens," Pauline called after him.

Two days later he brought home a hatful of replies.

"I want good, clear type, just like print," Pauline said, as she looked over the answers. "None of these are really good—oh, yes, here's one. What lovely type! Beautiful! Frances Peck. She's all right, Fred. We won't go any further. I shall engage her. Oh, won't the stories look splendid! I know they'll be accepted now, won't they, Fred?"

"You bet," was the cheerful reply.

Pauline was sitting at her desk three mornings later, when Frances Peck was announced.

"Send her in," she told Betsy, without looking up.

"Please, ma'am"—— began Betsy.

"Send her in here," repeated Pauline, who thought Betsy had not heard.

Pauline, with flushed cheeks and artistically rumpled hair, was scribbling in a most business-like way, when steps sounded on the hardwood floor.

"Miss Peck?" she murmured, abstractedly, and then looked up.

A man in a well-made business suit of grey stood before her. That was all Pauline noticed in the first shock of astonishment. Then she saw that he was young, slightly above medium height, well built, with that type of face which most women term "interesting." Just now his dark eyes were bent upon her with an expression of poorly-concealed admiration.

"Pardon me"—Pauline rose—"there must be some mistake."

"This is Miss Pauline Rivers?"

"It is, and you"——

"I am Francis Peck."

His voice was pleasant and well modulated.

"Oh, I assure you I did not expect—that is, I supposed I had engaged a young woman typewriter, instead of"——

"Ah, I understand. I regret exceedingly that such a misunderstanding should have occurred. However, since you have engaged me, I trust you will not withdraw your decision."

Then Pauline's good sense came to the rescue.

"Oh, why, certainly not; it is all right. You may go on with the work as I planned. Your machine was sent up this morning. There it is; shall you need a higher chair? Yes, I wish the story at your left copied first. I fear I shall have to explain about that third line;" and so the typewriting commenced.

Digitized by Google

Pauline pounced upon Fred that evening the moment he entered the house, and poured forth an incoherent story.

"And, oh, Fred, just think how stupid of us not to have noticed how 'Francis' was spelled! What was the trouble, Fred? Didn't you have the 'ad.' classified? Just think how embarrassing it was for poor me! Oh, Fred, he makes me feel so uncomfortable! He seems to know all about literary things, and he—offered some suggestions."

"How dared he? A mere typewriter!"

"Oh, but he doesn't seem like a typewriter at all. There's something about him so—so baffling! I'm sure he doesn't have to do typewriting for a living. It must be a temporary occupation with him. Oh, he's—— But you'll understand when you see him. As for me—well, I feel so insignificant when he repeats any of my sentences, or asks me what I mean by this or that. I feel just like"——

"A schoolgirl," finished Fred.

"That's just it. I don't see how I'm to stand it another morning! His eyes are so penetrating, and he—he asks such uncomfortable questions about my meanings! Fred, I'm afraid my stories do not possess what they term the literary quality."

"Nonsense! I'll break that fellow's neck. The impudence of him"——

"Oh, don't, don't, Fred! Really, he isn't impudent at all. He—he means well."

"I doubt it. You can discharge him, you know."

However, Pauline did not discharge him. It seemed that two weeks were not sufficient to allow the typewriting of all the stories. Another week would be necessary.

"He's a slow typewriter, that man," commented Fred.

One evening Pauline had more news for the big brother.

"What do you suppose? Mr. Peck has done typewriting for the author, J. Hartley Gordon. He knows all about him. This morning a card dropped from his pocket bearing that distinguished name, and I cried, 'Oh, are you acquainted?' And then he told me that he had copied nearly all his stuff for him."

"Don't believe it!" said Fred.

"What do you mean? Mr. Peck doesn't tell fibs!" flared Pauline.

Three evenings later she met Fred in the hall with flushed cheeks and eyes that positively "shimmered," as he told her afterwards.

"Come in, quick, Fred! Now, what do you suppose?"

"Can't imagine, unless the impudent puppy has been making love to you. Has he?"

"Heavens, no! That is—— Well, wait, and I'll explain. In the first place, sit down. There! Now, sir, I wish to inform you that Mr. Francis Peck is Mr. J. Hartley Gordon in disguise. Isn't it too romantic? He's one of those realistic writers, you know, of the new school, or something, and he doesn't believe in writing about things he hasn't experienced. He was attracted by the 'ad.'—by the way, Fred, how did you word it?—and he answered it and came here just for an experiment. He was trying to get an idea for a new story he is writing, and"——

"Sis, do you mean to tell me that we've been harbouring J. Hartley Gordon all this time without knowing it?"

"Exactly; 'angels unawares,' you know. And, Fred, he—he says that whereas he simply went into it at first in a purely business and impersonal way, within these three weeks he has grown"——

"I understand. You needn't explain. Oh, I knew that from the first."

"He—he'll ask papa to-morrow," murmured Pauline.

"Well, sis," observed Fred, "I presume the next thing to being a literary celebrity is to become the wife of one."



He: "Did you know I was going to propose?" *She:* "Why, I didn't see how you could help yourself."

Digitized by Google



A SAD MISTAKE.

The Clown: "The world's a stage, and I play the Fool to-night." *The Pirate (aside):* "Oh, if I had only come as the Fool-killer!"

Digitized by Google



CLASSIFIED.

The Mistress: "Did you know anything about the lady who used to occupy this house?" *The Maid:* "Nothing to her credit, madam. I am told that she had no maid to superintend her dress. She was what you call a self-made woman."

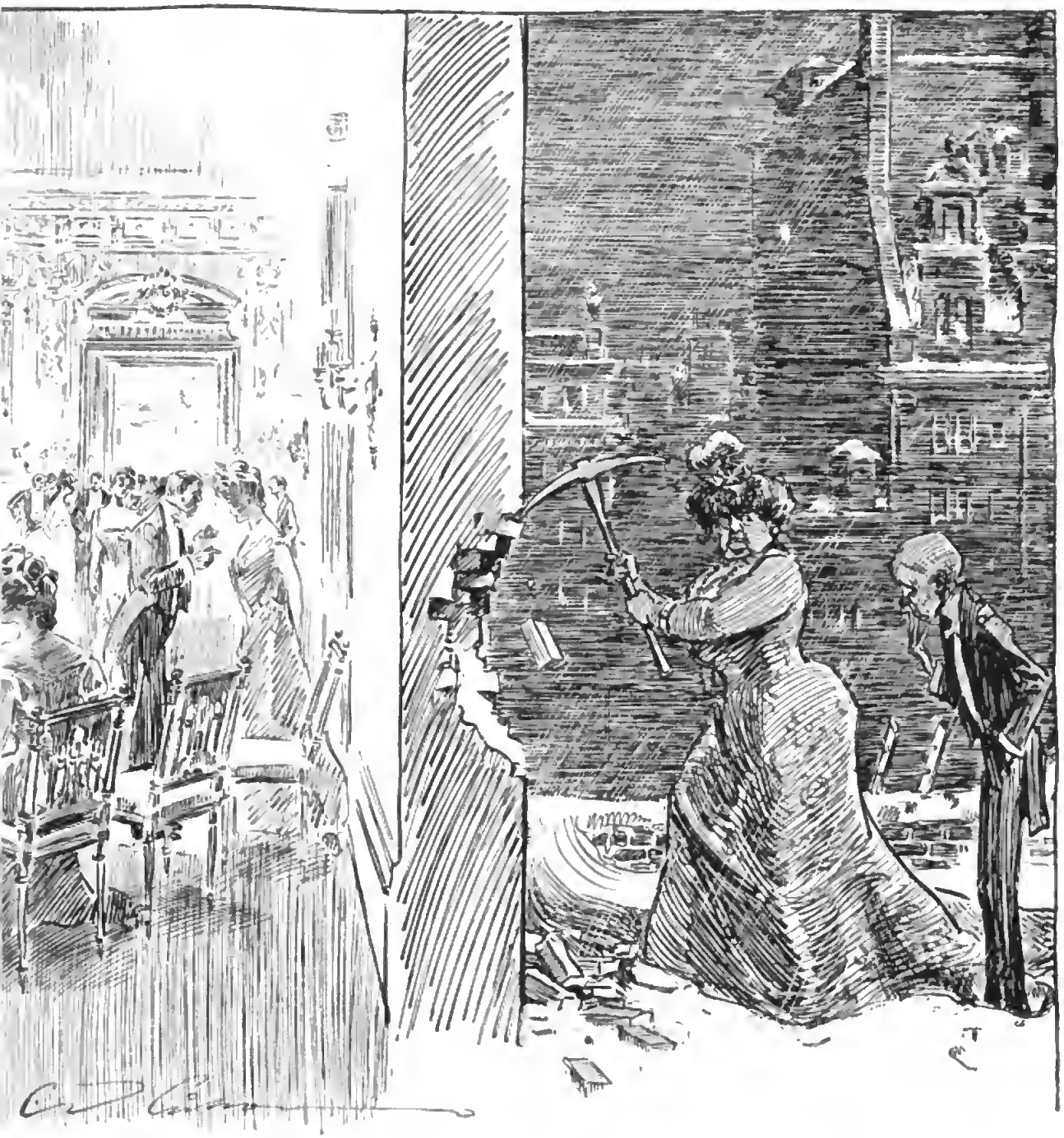
Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. Gibson

SOCIETY'S PAL

Digitized by Google



E.—Almost inside.

Digitized by Google



NOT THAT SORT.

Miss Flirtie: "No, it cannot be. I am already engaged." *Adorer:* "Eh? If you were already engaged, why didn't you tell me so?" *Miss Flirtie (indignantly):* "I am not the sort of girl to boast of my conquests."



Cupid: "It's easy enough to make matches in this country, when it is so dark you can't see what you are spooning with."



"Mamma, the ladies of King Charles's Court were more 'dressy' than we, I think." "What makes you think so, dear?" "Well, you see, you are in full dress, but in that portrait the lady is *much* fuller."



"NO FLOWERS."

My love's not "like a red, red rose,"
For she is sweet enough to eat;
When songs of her I would compose,
The fruits afford the figures meet.

Her cheeks with those of peaches vie—
What can her lips but cherries be?
She's just the apple of my eye—
And does not care a fig for me!

Digitized by Google



WELL OFF.

"Yes, Lawyer Perkins lost that will case." "He must be a poor lawyer." "Not at all. He got five thousand out of it for himself before it was decided."

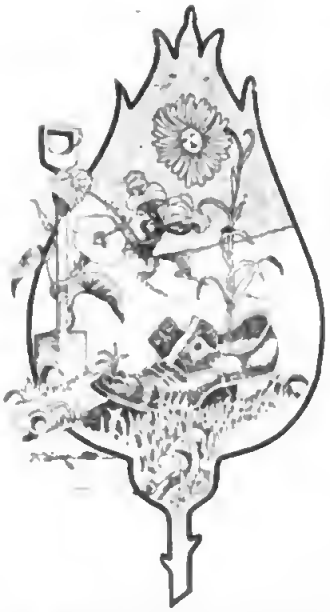




"Newlywed goes out quite often since his baby came. I thought he was firmly anchored in a home life." "He was; but at the first squall he began to drag his anchor."



"I'm afraid Harry's motor isn't a first-class machine." "No?" "No. He has never been arrested for fast driving."



Mr. Morning Glory (in great surprise): "Why, what a large foot you have, Miss Daisy."

Digitized by Google



A RECKLESS CULPRIT.

Bertie (banished for mischievour): "Don't you think they'll give us anything to eat, Arthur?" *Arthur:* "I don't know, and I don't care!" *Bertie:* "Oh, Arthur, how can you talk like that about fruit and cake and ice cream?"



She: "He thinks she could learn to love him." *He:* "And she does not?" *She:* "Well, she thinks it will be easier for him to learn that she can't."



HOW FOOLISH!

Penelope: "Were you not surprised when he proposed?" *Beatrice:* "Dear me, yes! He began by saying he wanted to talk *seriously* about something."

Digitized by Google



The Widow: "I want a man to do odd jobs about the house and run on errands; one that never answers back, and is always ready to do my bidding." *Applicant:* "You're looking for a husband, ma'am."

Digitized by Google



A TIME OF EMBARRASSMENT.

"Wasn't there any time while you were making love to me, dear, that you were embarrassed?" "Oh, yes; just about the time when I was getting that ring."

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



An Artist (to "art patron" of vast wealth who has been bullying him about pictures): "I say, Bagg, you haven't anything in particular to do. I wish you would come to my studio and sit for me. I need some one to pose for the butlers in my new pictures."

Printed and Published by JAMES HENDERSON & SONS, at Red Lion House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL COMEDY

The Humorous Phases of Life depicted by Eminent Artists



Mother: "I hope you are sorry, Millicent, for taking the plum cake in that sly way. I didn't think it was in you." *Millicent:* "It isn't all, mamma. Part of it's in Bobby."

Digitized by Google

A NEW GENERATION





"DEAR me, old friend, how time does fly!
I see you with a baby-carriage,
And think of days when you and I
Deliberated love and marriage.

"Ten years ago, who could have told
The sequel to such cogitation,
Or guess which of us first would hold
One of the second generation?

"I mind me how we used to sit
Around the board with pipes and whisky,
Wont to philosophize a bit
And trade off stories rather risky.

"I mind me of the good cigars—
How many we have smoked together,
Beneath the sun, the moon and stars,
Alike in every kind of weather!

"Gone, gone are those old times, but we—
We still among the living tarry.
And life's prescription seems to be
Will Shakespeare's frequent dose, 'Ay, marry!'

"So here's a health to her and you!
Companions live until you grey be!
And here's another, just as true—
Congratulations to the baby!"





ANYTHING BETTER THAN SUSPENSE.

Winifred: "And so Emily Tenseasons is going to be married! I hope she may be happy." *Maud:* "Well, at any rate, she'll have a chance to see whether she can be happy or not."



ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

He: "At one time he and I belonged to the same club." *She:* "Now, please don't begin to think about clubs so soon."

Digitized by Google



A JUGGLER.

Digitized by Google



Gwendoline: "Well, if a woman's 'no' means 'yes,' what does her 'yes' mean?" *Wilberforce:* "It means that she knows that the man knows what her 'no' means."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

ADVICE

If you cannot make your presence fel

Digitized by Google



) BORES.

by your brains, do it with your feet.

Digitized by Google



Gladys: "So she married him just because he owned a motor-car?" *Penelope:* "Oh, no! Because he never got angry when it broke down."



"These country boys who come to the city for fame often leave something better behind."

Digitized by Google



A CRYING NECESSITY.

"What the world needs is more poets." "More poets? Why, there are so many poets *now* that they can barely make a living." "Yes; but if there were more of them they couldn't live at all."



WHAT HURT.

"Hal don't you think you could be happy without money?" "Oh, yes; if nobody else had any."



Digitized by Google



"How many can I have?" "Well, how many can you carry away with you?"

Digitized by Google



WELL NAMED.

Gladys: "Why do you call your motor 'Sweet Sixteen'?" *Jerrold:* "Because it's so hard to manage, and looks so easy."



IN THE ART GALLERY.

Daughter: "Rosa Bonheur could paint all kinds of animals, but not men." *Mother:* "You mean all kinds of animals *but* men, my dear."

Digitized by Google



ON THE LINKS.

Jerrold: "Oh, I think you'll win her if you only hold out." *Harold*: "No use, my boy. She's holed out already, and started a new game with a better player."

Digitized by Google



"Grandma, I am five years old to-morrow, and I'm going to have a cake with five candles on it." "What would you do if you were fifty and five, like me?" "I'd have fireworks."



A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR.



IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

The Chrysanthemum: "I wonder if any one ever stops to think of the fact that we go to the table three times every day, and yet we leave without getting a bite to eat?"

Digitized by Google



THE SECRET.—EVEN

Digitized by Google



ISHES HAVE EARS.

Digitized by Google



HE AND SHE.

HE. You didn't want to dance this, did you?
SHE. No.
There are so many people and the glare
And noises are fierce. How did you know?
HE. Oh!
I knew this little seat here on the stair.
(SHE. 'Um! Rather slow. He let a chance slip there.
I wonder what his name is?)
HE. Really, though,
I longed to talk with you. (I scarcely dare
To tell her that her dancing is a show.)
SHE. To talk with me? Why, what about?
HE. (Great Lord!
How the girl fishes!) Can't you guess?
SHE. I might.
Is it a game? (I mustn't show I'm bored.)
HE. A game I never played before to-night.
SHE. What do you call it?
HE. Very frankly—you.
SHE. (Ugh! How banal!) Really?
HE. Ideally.
(She's scarcely young enough to think this true.)
(SHE. I wonder if he thinks he's chatting me?)
HE. You will forgive me; but I wonder why
We never met before. Do you believe
Affinities exist? Do say so!
SHE.
Have never doubted that; but we deceive
Ourselves so often.
HE. Yes; until we meet
The one, and then—the feeling's not the same.
I found that out—to-night.
(SHE. 'Um! Rather neat.
Oh, dear! I wish I could recall his name.)
HE. You're so unlike the women that I know.
(SHE. I wonder if he really thinks that now?)
HE. They seem so frivolous, so soulless—so—
SHE. Why, do you know, I thought the same of you!
For when I saw you first——
HE. Oh, tell me, please!
SHE. Well, then—— Oh, nothing! but I thought your face
So *clever*, and so out of place with these
Poor brainless dancing boys. (He set the pace;
I'm bound to follow. Heavens! Can it be
He really thinks he's clever?)
HE. Ah, how well
You read me! I was bored until you——we
Looked at each other. ('Um! Not hard to tell
That this talk suits her. Almost seems a shame,
But then she likes it.)
SHE. Here comes Mr. Brown.
He has the dance. Good gracious! What's his name?)
Mr. Er—r——
HE. Not really. Don't go down.
SHE. I simply must.
HE. I wonder if I dare
Ask you for something?
(SHE. Goodness! Does he mean?)
HE. I want that rose you're wearing in your hair.
SHE. What for?
HE. To tell me of what might have been.
Ah, please! (They really like this sort of thing.)
Do let me have it, quick, before Brown comes.
(SHE. Oh! What a joke!)
HE. Don't keep me wondering.
SHE. I fancy that my fingers are all thumbs.
There! Since you want it.
HE. If you only knew
How often I will look at it and say,
"How like, how very like she is to you!"
SHE. Well—not unlike us both in every way.
I'm coming, Mr. Brown! Good-bye! You know
I'd rather stay and talk. It's such a treat
To find a man one *likes* to talk with—so
Congenial. (If I met him in the street
I shouldn't know him.)
HE. Must you really go?
You know this rose is sacred for your sake
For ever. (Why the dickens did she laugh?
She left the rose! Great Scott! The thing's a fake!
All gauze and wires! Now, did she mean to chaff,
I wonder? "Not unlike us both," she said.
The beastly, artificial thing! I vow
The riddle's one too many for my head.
I wonder what the girl meant, anyhow?)

* * * * * *

(*A moment later.*)

HE AND ANOTHER.

HE. You didn't want to dance this, did you?
THE OTHER. No.

(*Repeat with variations.*)

Digitized by Google



HIS MOTHER'S SON.

"Papa, don't say *must* to me; it makes me feel *won't* all over."
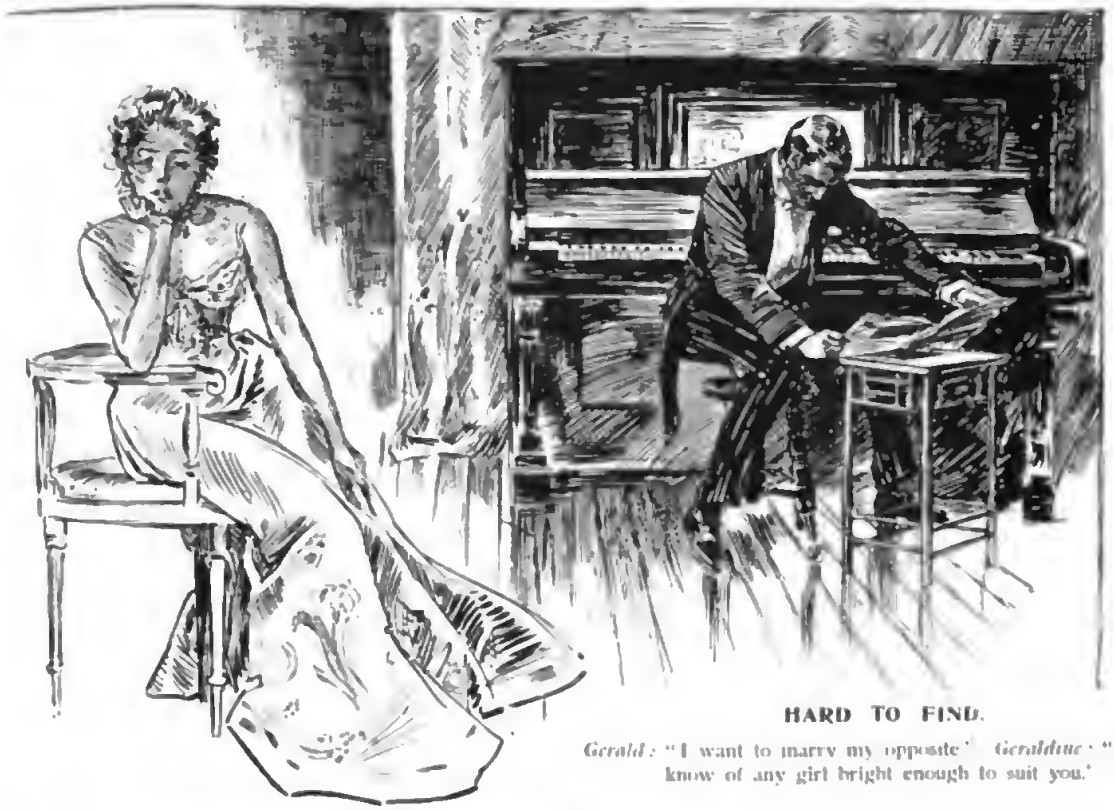


"Love laughs at bolts and bars."



He: "Oh, stop crying, Emily. People can't always be loving each other."

Digitized by Google



HARD TO FIND.

Gerald: "I want to marry my opposite." *Geraldine:* "I don't know of any girl bright enough to suit you."



A SUGGESTION.



THE STRENUOUS SOCIETY LIFE.

Dorothy: "Six luncheons in one week! Did your gowns hold out?" *Isabel:* "Yes, indeed; but I hadn't any conversation for the last two days."

Digitized by Google



"If your daughter trusts me, sir, why can't you?" "She doesn't care how much a thing costs, and I do."

Digitized by Google



RIVALS.

"The last thing Fred did was to kiss me." "I should think it would be!"



SIMPLE DIRECTIONS.

"Do you have much trouble directing your cooks?" "Oh, no: The station is only five minutes down the road, on the left."



THE BIGGEST EXPENSE.

She: "I ought not to have married such an extravagant man" *He:* "But, my dear, the man whom you married couldn't be anything else."

Digitized by Google



A TRANSPOSITION.

Goodart: "I can't understand your dislike for Mrs. Nexdore. She seems a nice, quiet, home-loving woman. You'll admit that she's a busy little body?" *Mrs. Goodart:* "You've put the 'little' in the wrong place."



THE LIMIT.

Gladys: "He seems to be a man of dry humour." *Ferdy:* "Dry? Why, his humour is so dry that he has to pay for the drinks to get anybody to listen to it."



FOR PUBLICATION ONLY.

The Ingenue: "What did the manager say when you asked him for a rise?" *The Soubrette:* "He offered to give me a rise of ten pounds a week in the press reports if I'd accept a reduction of a pound a week in cash."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

IN DAYS TO COME.—

Digitized by Google



ERICAN FOOTBALL.

Digitized by Google



THE FIRST DAY OUT

She: "But if anything should happen to the ship?" *He:* "Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we have plenty of empty bottles in which to send out messages."

Digitized by Google



JUST THE THING.

Professor: "Ma foi! If you fence that way, *ze* othaire party would not receive one scr-r-ratch!" *Fair Pupil:* "No? My method would do for a French duel, wouldn't it, Professor?"



A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY.



A FORMULA.

Clarence: "I'm going to ask old Vavasour for his daughter's hand. What's a good way to begin?" *Algy:* "Oh, spring a few other jokes on him first, and see how he takes *them*."

Digitized by Google



HIS POSITION.

De Witte: "I really don't know how I have offended you." *Miss Cutting:* "You don't?" *De Witte:* "No. Will you accept my apology, and tell me what it's all about?"



ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

She: "It looks to me as if there was going to be a storm." *He:* "Yes; and some of the people down there don't know enough to come up out of the rain."



She: "Don't you think you had better be going? It is nearly midnight." *He:* "Oh, no, my dear. It won't be midnight for two months yet."

Digitized by Google



"There is that old football player who married my friend Jeannette. Doesn't he look happy?" "Yes; but you can't always tell. That's the same man who played all through the football season last year with two ribs broken."



He: "I'm afraid I couldn't make you happy, darling, on only four hundred pounds a year." *She*: "Oh, it's plenty. With economy I can dress on three hundred; and just think, dear, we can have all the rest for household expenses!"

Digitized by Google



Mrs. Kensington: "Does your husband make fun of you when you shop all day without buying anything?" *Mrs. Richmond:* "Yes; and if I buy anything he says I'm trying to ruin him by my extravagance."



THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

"What did the lovers quarrel about?" "He wanted her to promise to love him for ever and a day, and she said she wanted the day for herself."



Mrs. Portly Jowl: "Now, Uncle Havrick, don't you think Maude's new gown is a triumph in dressmaking?" *Uncle Havrick:* "Before giving an opinion I shall be obliged to look under the table."

Digitized by Google

LOVE ON SKATES.

EVERY pond a mirror icy
For the arching skies above,
Now love goes on skates, and, vice-
Versa, skates now go on love;
And this little rascal kneeling
At her feet, as you can see,
Is young Cupid. How appealing!
How insinuating he!



Jealousies are sure to rankle
In one's heart to see him put
First a hand upon an ankle,
Then another on her foot;
He will take his time about it,
Holding fast to heel and toe.
Who can blame the boy? No doubt it
Is delight that makes him slow.

So, securely let him shoe her
With the blades of shining steel;
On the ice one waits to woo her,
If his heart does not congeal
Ere the God of Love has strapped her
Skates upon her tiny feet,
Then another chap and chapter
Cupid's story will complete.



FREQUENTLY.

"Would she think of marrying old Goldleaf? It would be a case of May and December!" "Yes. And in such cases May generally turns out to be a good deal colder than December."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. Gibson

SOCIAL STUDIES.—A PLEASANT EVENING

Digitized by Google



AT THE DUCHESS OF BLANKSHIRE'S.

Digitized by Google



NOT SUFFICIENTLY FIERY.

St. George: "Tush! Tush! Of course he'll fight!" "No, sir; not to-day, sir. He's caught a chill. Temperature's ninety-two. Can't get up no flame at all, sir. Just lies there an' smoulders like."

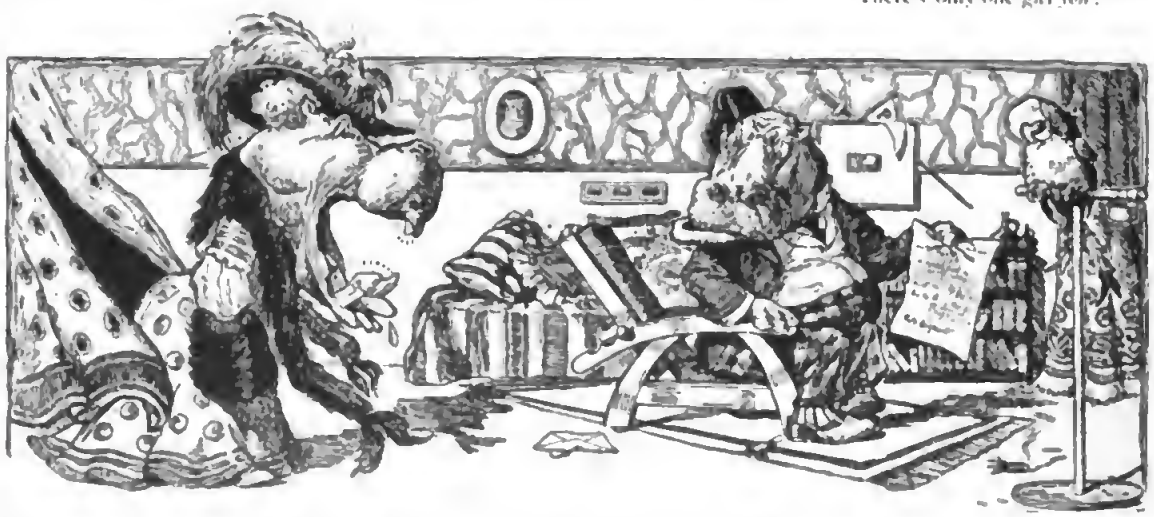


THE GIRL OF GIRLS.

GIRLS there are more handsome far,
Girls more worldly-wise,
Dainty girls with wind-blown curls,
Girls with pansy eyes;
Girls who smile with witching guile,
Girls whose hearts are true,
Girls well met, and yet—and yet—
There's only one girl you.

Girls demure, rich girls and poor,
Girls well known to fame,
Girls with part in shaping art—
Girls who've made a name;
Girls they call "divinely tall,"
Girls one well might woo,
So *chic* and small; but, after all,
There's only one girl you.

Girls dressed in silk, Dame Fashion's ilk,
I've met in giddy whirls
Of waltz, and those in plainer clothes,
The gowned-in-gingham girls.
Confess will I they take my eye?
My heart!—that none can do!
If asked the why, I'd make reply,
"There's only one girl *you*!"



"Good gracious, Lily! what in the world does a dentist's bill of two hundred and fifty pounds mean?" "Mercy me, papa, I had to have my two front teeth capped!"

Printed and Published by JAMES HENDERSON & SONS, at Red Lion House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL·COMEDY

THE HUMOROUS PHASES OF LIFE DEPICTED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

(*The Illustrations in* "PICTORIAL COMEDY" *are the property and Copyright of James Henderson & Sons.*)



SO SUDDEN!

The Persistent Suitor (*desperately*): "This is the last time I shall ever ask you to be my wife." "Oh, this is so sudden!"

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Rawlingstone: "Travelling makes Mollie's head ache, and it gives me a terrible all-gone feeling."

Mr. Rawlingstone: "Yes, that 'all-gone feeling'; I know it. It generally strikes me at the end of a long journey, when I put my hand in my pocket."

"What's your hurry?"

"I promised my husband I would meet him at one o'clock."

"But it's only two now."

Digitized by Google



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Mason Meadowbrook: "When I see you with that dog you remind me of matrimony." *Amy Aiken:* "How?"
Mason Meadowbrook: "Well, matrimony is said to like contrasts."

Digitized by Google



Timid Lover: "Your parents seem to have got over their dislike for me."
"Yes; when we first met they were afraid it might lead to something."

Digitized by Google

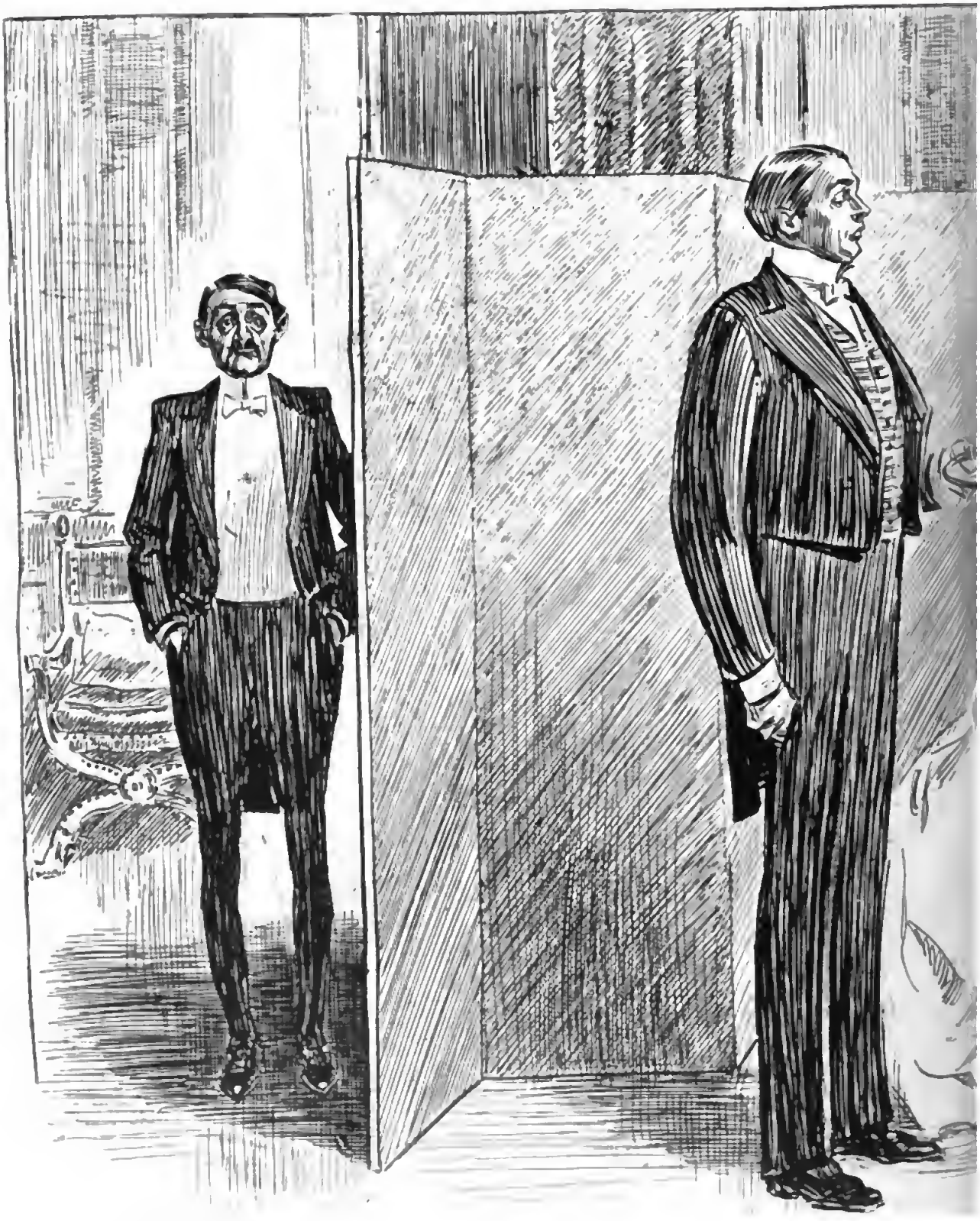


SENSE AND INSENSE.

"SHE smokes!" I heard the gossips say;
Of course they love to blab it,
Discoursing on their pleasant way
Upon the vicious habit.
I wondered were it truth or lie,
Of envy born or malice,
And though I listened to it, I
Took it *cum grano salis*.

What happened next I can't forget;
It chanced as we were parting
I lit a Turkish cigarette,
And, just as I was starting,
Myrtilla gently drew me back
As if I were a brother,
Confessing, as she kissed me, "Jack,
I wish you had another."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

ADVI

Follow your card upstairs, and

Digitized by Google



TO BORES.

d out what they really think of you.

Digitized by Google

A MAN'S CONQUEST.

"I WONDER," said Castleton to himself, as he made his preparations to leave town, "just what is going to happen to me? Will she have me or not?"

There is probably no really happier period in a man's life than when, having fallen desperately in love, he is on the eve of proposing, and is doubtful of the result. The very uncertainty of his fate appeals to that spirit of adventure which every true man carries about in his heart—a souvenir of past ages; and the constant alternation between delight and despair produces that thorough elimination of other considerations and that utter absorption of mind and heart, which lifts the victim into an epic world, in which he is the colossal figure.

Castleton felt all this very keenly, as he threw his things together to get ready for Mrs. Pinkerly's house party at Green Gables. Preoccupied as he had been for the last ten years of his life with large business interests, he had had little time before this to cultivate the fair sex. Beyond an occasional dance, or a theatre party, or a ride in the park, there had been no opportunity for him to enlarge upon Miss Winton's acquaintance. But here was a chance that he could not miss, so he accepted Mrs. Pinkerly's invitation with much pleasure, knowing that Miss Winton was to be one of the party. And he determined that it should not be his fault if by the end of the week, or as much sooner as was possible, he had not succeeded in winning her for himself.

As luck would have it, when he stepped into the train at the terminus, there was Miss Winton occupying the seat directly opposite to his own.

"I am so glad you are to be one of us," she said cordially. There was even that in the slight pressure of her hand, or the indefinite something in her voice, that seemed to indicate perhaps a keener joy at his presence than her conventional words conveyed. "The Pinkerlys' place, you know, is simply delightful. They have everything one can think of. Do you play games?"

"Why, I suppose so," said Castleton. "I am ready for anything, you know."



Castleton said a doubtful "Good morning."

"Good!" said Miss Winton, her eyes flashing with health and vital energy. "We must start first thing to-morrow morning, so that we shall not miss the early morning air. My maid knows one of the grooms, and I'll see that you get one of the best mounts. Now, about what time shall we start?"

Castleton living in his bachelor apartments, usually got up at eight, and after a bath and a hasty breakfast, was down at his office at a little after nine. But the "early morning air" that Miss Winton extolled so highly appealed to him, especially as there was the certainty of their being alone, so he said:

"Well, let's say seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock!" echoed his companion. "Why, the sun is high up then." And she added, with a touch of scorn, "No, sir! It must be promptly at six, or not at all."

So at six sharp the next morning Castleton said a doubtful "good morning" in the *porte cochère*. He had pulled himself out of his bed in the left wing half an hour before, in the cold gloom of an autumn morning, wondering how in the world he would manage that horse; for, if the truth must be told, he had always been too busy to learn how to ride well.

And now here was the animal, led out by the compliant groom, plunging and rearing, while Miss Winton, on her own mount, waved enthusiastically and impatiently to him.

Castleton sprang into the saddle and grasped the reins. The horse—knowing beast as he was—lost no time, but rushed forward madly, and, almost before he knew it, Castleton was spinning through the air. In a moment the girl he loved was bending over him.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

He got up slowly.

"Not a bit," he said, faintly. "But if you will excuse me, I won't try that again. I've never had time enough to learn how to ride a horse."

"Never mind," said Miss Winton. "Let's play golf! I'll change my habit in a second, and the links is only a mile away."

So to the links they went.

At the end of the fifteenth hole Miss Winton was eight up and three to play. Her score at the finish was ninety-three. Castleton's was one hundred and twenty-four.

Digitized by Google



UNDER COMPULSION.

"Is it true that the elder Miss Dullion is to marry her father's clerk?"

"Oh, yes. I understand he was threatened with discharge if he didn't accept."

"You've played golf before, haven't you?" she asked sympathetically.

"Never to any extent," replied Castleton. "My time has been too much occupied."

"Well," said his companion, "let's go in and get some breakfast. I'm awfully hungry."

Her cheeks were red as roses. She seemed to walk on air. Castleton, on the contrary, was fagged out. He hadn't been used to this sort of thing. Nevertheless, for a man in love, he ate the breakfast of his life.

"What shall we do after breakfast?" said Miss Winton to the assembled guests.

Golf, bowling, and ping-pong were in turn suggested.

"Perhaps you play ping-pong?" said Miss Winton to Castleton.

His eye brightened. Yes, he played ping-pong. In a few moments more, surrounded by a crowd of idle spectators, they began their game.

It did not take long to show Castleton that he was no match for his opponent. The score was six to two in her favour. He refused to play another set. Chagrined, angry with himself, he withdrew from the company and walked off down the long lane of maples that led away from the entrance.

"This will never do!" he said to himself. "I must win that girl some way, but how, when she is evidently determined to beat me at everything? It only makes me love her more than ever, and yet how she must despise me by this time! But I'll get her yet, in spite of her superiority!"

He walked back.

From out on the tennis court he heard the sound of voices and laughter, and thither he strolled.

Miss Winton was playing doubles.

"This game will be finished in a few moments," she shouted, as she saw him coming, "and then we'll play together."

Castleton smiled back and nodded.

"It's evident," he said to himself, "that she has set her heart on my complete defeat. Well, it's something if she is even interested enough in me to do that."

The game of tennis went the same way as the horseback riding, golf, and ping-pong. Miss Winton won easily. Then came bowls, croquet, and archery, and in the evening, pool. It made no difference. This young and beautiful creature, full of life and spirits, superb in her excess of physical strength, had beaten him at everything.

They met in the lonely hall at midnight.

"You look tired," she said. "Are you going upstairs?"

"Not yet," he replied.

He looked full into her eyes. Then he reached out and took her hand in his.

"There is only one game you haven't beaten me at to-day," he said. "I shouldn't be able to sleep to-night until we had settled that also. I love you. Will you——"

Her head dropped on his shoulder.

"Yes," she replied; "of course."

Castleton didn't understand it even then.

"I cannot believe it," he half whispered. "Do you love me just as much as if I had beaten you all day instead of your beating me?"

She laughed softly.

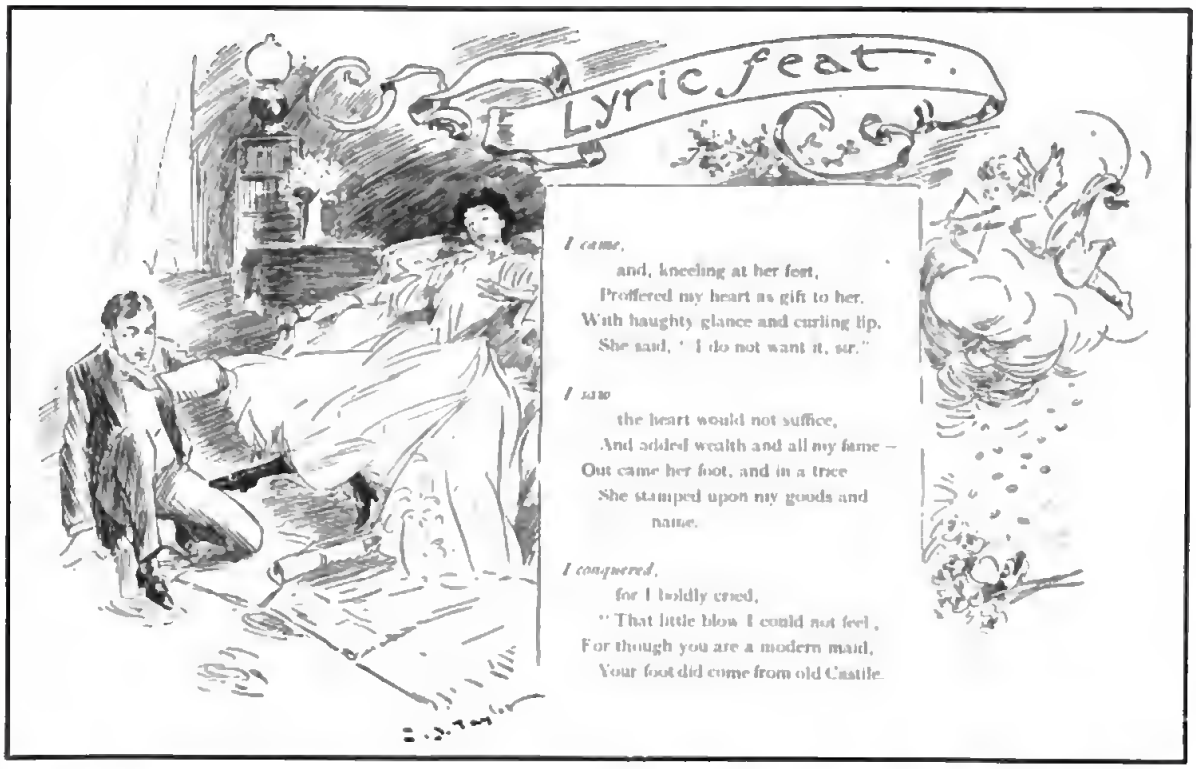
"More," she said." "Why, that's the way you won me. Don't you know that in married life it is ever so much more important that a man should excel in worldly affairs than that he should know how to play games?"

Digitized by Google

NOT HIS PRIVILEGE.

Arnold: "You're like the House of Commons, Jack — overburdened with bills." *Jack:* "Oh, no, I'm not. The House of Commons can pass bills to the House next door."

Digitized by Google





COMMUNINGS.

Arthur: "Do you love Nature?" *Alice:* "Oh, yes. I often buy a big box of sweets and eat them right in the park."

Digitized by Google



THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Edith: "Don't you think the power of the press a dangerous thing?"
Gerald: "Yes; if a chap hugs a girl too often she gets tired of him."



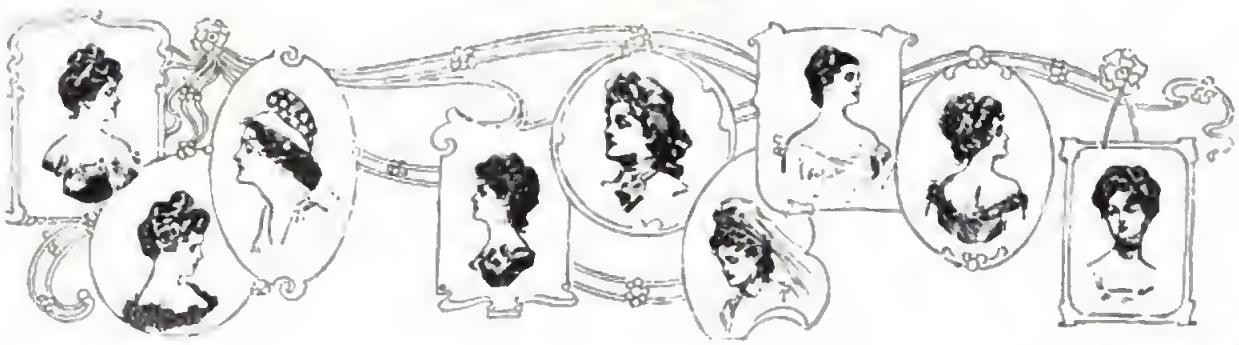
A PROBABLE CHANGE OF HEART.

He: "I warn you, Bob is not a marrying man!"
His Sister: "He will be before I've done with him."

Digitized by Google



"How did your ladyship find the jewels which I caused to be conveyed to you?"
"With the aid of an enlarging glass, your excellency."





Digitized by Google



MRS. LEO HUNTER'S.

Digitized by Google



SEEMS POPULAR.

FASHION has its fads and follies.
Each of which is daily talk;
Here we have the very latest—
'Tis the automobile walk.



THE ONLY DIFFICULTY.

Mrs. Newlywed. "I discharged the cook this afternoon."

Mr. Newlywed: "Have any difficulty about it?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Not a bit, except that she wouldn't go."



WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A COOK?



BY DEGREES.

IN what a sure, advancing way
The maid's campaign is planned!
For first she gets us 'neath her thumb,
And then we want her hand.

Digitized by Google

DISPOSSESSED.

"Cheer up, John. We may have a planet of our own some day." "Impossible. Nine-tenths of them are owned by the Trust now."

Digitized by Google



WHAT'S that, sir? A book for a lady? A new book? Oh, yes; we've got plenty of new books. Indeed, I never saw a season with so many new books in it. Everybody's writin'. New authors crop up every day, and all the old ones are at it again.

Book for a lady. H'm, let me see. Now, what kind of a lady is she? Of course, I mean what kind of readin' lady. They're so different, you know.

Now, some of them like real books, same as men; but mostly they like Flossy books.

What are they? Oh, that's just my name for 'em. Flossy books, you know, are books that seem nice, and most people like them, but there's really nothing in them.

Now, if this lady of yours likes that kind, there's nothing would please her so much as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

What! You never heard of that? Well, that's funny. It's been a best-seller all this season. The people that like it just *simply adore* it, you know. They rave over it, and they say, "Such humour? Such pathos!"

It's like a Christmas card gives you a sort of mental lithograph of "Father, dear father, come home with me now," and "Eva, little Eva," all jumbled up together, while the angels look down through the snowflakes.

Oh, no, it isn't really like that. That's just the way it strikes me. It's really like Mrs. Wiggins's books—just exactly like them. I s'pose that's why it's called "Mrs. Wiggs."

You don't think your lady'd like it, eh? Well, I think she would, because a hundred out of every ninety-nine women do. Still, you know best. What authors does she like?

Barrie? Oh, laws, yes. Barrie's grand this year. "The Little White Bird." Finest book since "Trilby." I've read it three times, and on my fourth.

You've seen it advertised? Well, I should say you *had*. It's been advertised too much. It's wicked to advertise a book like that, as if it was a common old best seller. Why, it's pearls before swine to *make* people buy that book who can't appreciate it.

Why, a lady came in here only this morning, an' says she, "Have you got 'The Little White Speckled Bird'?"

I gave her one look, and I said, "You mean 'The Speckled Bird' without the white, ma'am," and I gave her that.

But "The Little White Bird" is so sensible, and yet highfalutin', too, with Mr. Barrie himself stickin' out everywhere between the chinks.

You want to see some funny books? Yes, sir, we've got them. The funniest is "Confessions of a Wife." My, I nearly died laughin' over it. The woman weeps on every page, and twice on some. Between weeps she kisses any old clothes that come handy, and then she sits down and makes out in her diary a kind of a trained-nurse chart of her symptoms—mental, immoral, and physical. Not meant to be funny? N-no, I s'pose not; but it *is* all the same.

Does your lady like child books? I don't mean juvenile books, you know, but stories for grown-ups written over the kids' shoulders.

My goodness, if you want a humming, get Kipling's "Just-So Stories." I don't believe there's anybody that wouldn't like that book. There's just one Kipling, isn't there? The story in that book about the Cat Who Walked by Himself is worth the whole price of admission. I've read it till I know it by heart. I guess Mr. Kipling must have been a cat once. But then he must have been a soldier, and a sailor, and a woman, and a ship, and a locomotive, and a wireless telegraph, too.

You think your lady wouldn't care for that book? Well, of course you know more'n I do about that.

Here's a set of Jane Austen. She's the great fad this year. Queer how fads come, isn't it? Now, nobody knows why, but all of a sudden everybody must read Jane Austen, or they're out in it at all. Why, more'n half the ladies who fly in here and ask for Jane Austen think she's a historical novel, like "Janice Meredith," and they're *so* surprised to find she's half a dozen books. They buy the set, of course, but they go out looking as if they had a fearful big business before them. I don't like Jane Austen such a lot. Of course, she's got a touch, and she's fine and quaint; but it's *all* in the style. I must say I like *some* interest in the plot, too.

Oh, you'll take Jane Austen, eh? And you'll take "Mrs. Wiggs," too? Yes, I thought you would. Everybody does. I'm sure your lady'll like it first-rate. Have them sent? Good morning, sir; good morning.

Now, ain't it queer there's such a few different kinds of ladies in the world? Readin' ladies, I mean. I know that lady of his as well as if she was my own sister, and yet I've never laid eyes on her, and never expect to. She's just this way:

She'll like "Mrs. Wiggs" an awful lot, but she'll pretend she doesn't; and she'll just hate to read Jane Austen, but she'll tell everybody she "simply adores her."



Digitized by Google



DESSERT.

Digitized by Google



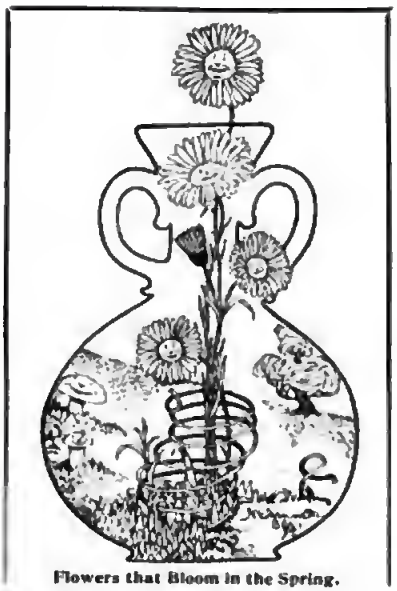
EVEN IN LENT SOME PEOPLE CONTINUE THEIR PRANKS.

Digitized by Google

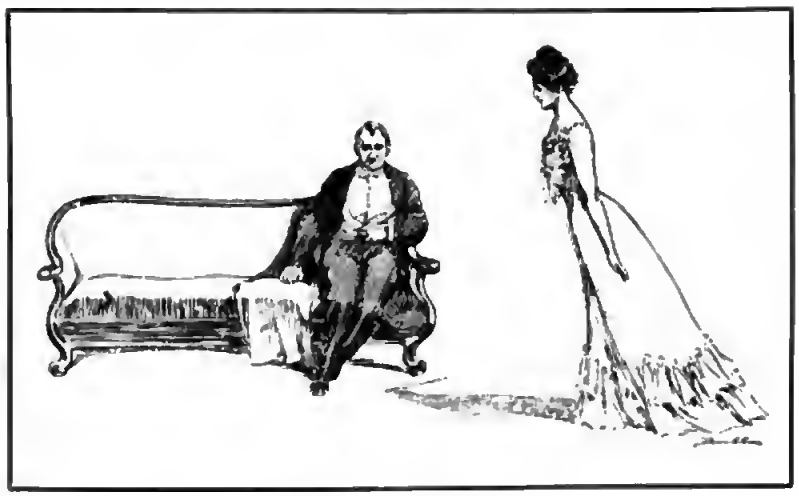


THE OBSTACLE.

Maud: "It's no use. The elopement's off." *Annie:* "Why? What has happened?"
Maud: "Papa absolutely refuses to advance the money for our travelling expenses."



Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.



DEEDS THAT TELL.

"But, my dear, I look for the deeds of a man, not his title." "Yes, papa, but it remains with us whether the duke will lose his title deeds or share his title."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

The Brute ventures to suggest that

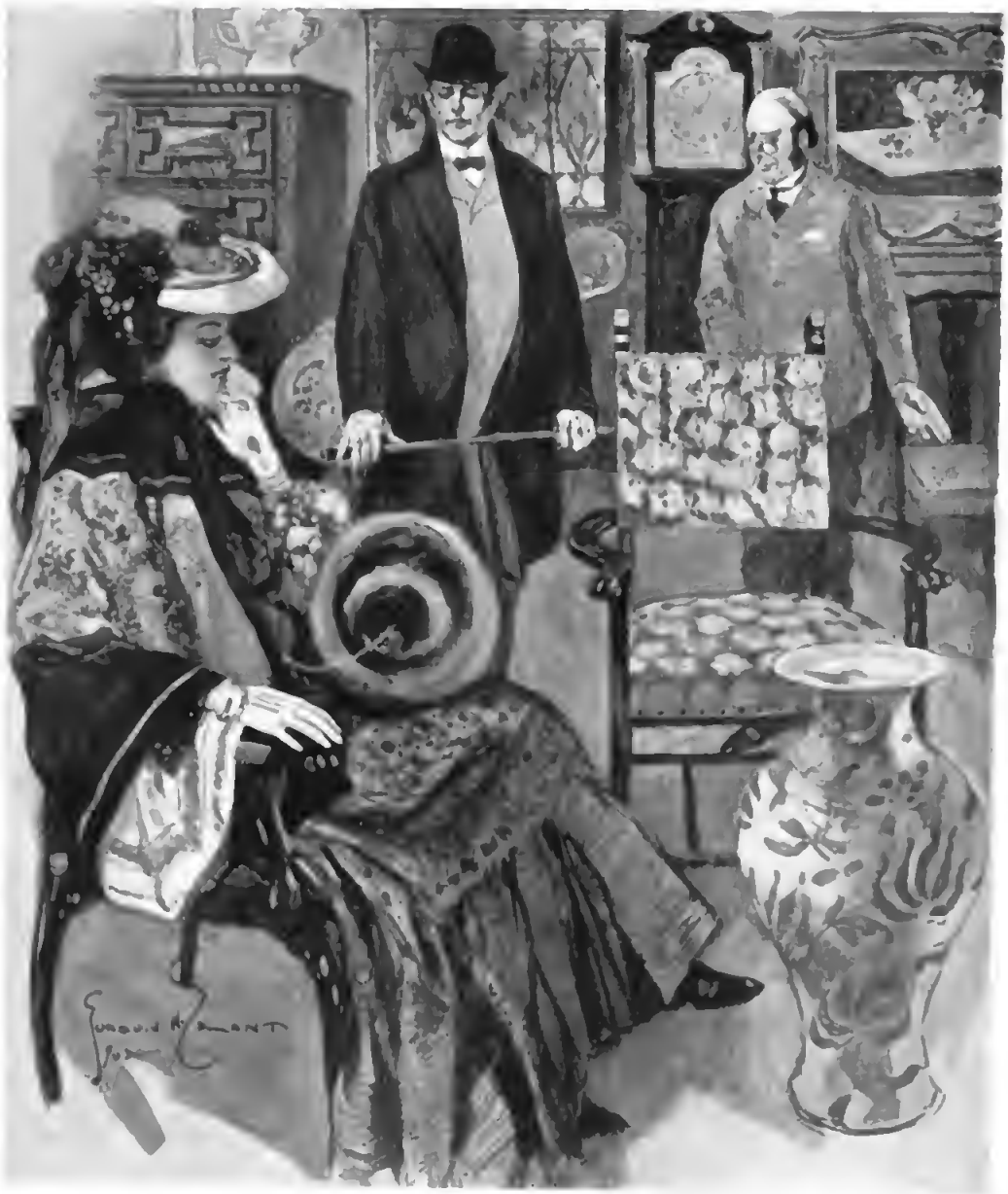
Digitized by Google

Comedy.



onnet might possibly be more Suitable.

Digitized by Google



AN ASSURANCE.

She: "I suppose it is a genuine antique?" *The Dealer:* "Why, of course it is, madam. And, besides, it is the very latest thing in antiques."





THE FAVOURITE.

THOUGH Gibson girls and Ehrhart girls
Attract by charms and airs,
Most fellows seem to want a girl
Whose name will change to theirs.



WHAT IT LACKED.

He: "But poverty is no disgrace." *She:* "Um, no! But there are no medals connected with it, either."



AN ESSENTIAL.

"I'm engaged to marry Miss Hungerford, dad." "Can she support a husband?"

Digitized by Google



QUESTION.

"The widower is very attentive to her." "Yes. I wonder if he'll have cheek enough to tell her she is the only girl he ever loved?"



Beatrice: "Percy Millions says your ideas are so revolutionary that he is never able to agree with you."

Agnes: "Is that so? Well, sich things never did agree with me."

Digitized by Google



A QUEEN OF HEARTS.

HOW many hearts with rapture beat
And long to have and hold you, Sweet!
It is disquieting to know
That, of the many beating so,
When love and fate their web have spun,
There shall be joy for only one.

It must be difficult to tell
Just wisely how to choose, and well—
There are so many in the game,
Their tender stories all the same;
Bewildering the task must be—
So many locks, and but one key!



"Don't worry about him, dear. All the world loves a lover."
"Yes; but papa's so awfully unworldly."



AN EXPERT.

"We have an expert to pump the organ at our church now." "Do you mean that he is a musician?" "No; he's a milkman."



"Bobbie, did you know I was going to marry your sister?" "Oh, yes. When did *you* find it out?"

Digitized by Google



If certain theatre parties would send their best clothes to the play and stay away themselves a long-suffering public would feel grateful.



THAT DELICIOU

When you find that the man you rejected, twenty-five years ago ha

Digitized by Google



MOMENT,
returned from abroad and wishes to marry your daughter.

Digitized by Google



THE MINIMUM.

The Mistress: "So you have decided to get married? Don't you think you are risking a good deal, Bridget?"
The Maid: "Shure Oi don't think so, ma'am. Oi believe ivry gurrul ought to get married at least wanst in her life."



Boy: "I say, mister; did your barber have much trouble in parting your horns in the middle?"



A MILL RACE.

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL COMEDY

THE HUMOROUS PHASES OF LIFE DEPICTED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

(*The Illustrations in "Pictorial Comedy" are the property and Copyright of James Henderson & Sons.*)



ANOTHER FAILURE.

He. "So this is the end of our little love drama?" *She:* "Yes. And there will be no 'curtain calls.'"

Digitized by Google



WHAT STAGGERED HIM.

She: "Women, you know, are not so delicate as they appear." *He:* "Ah, no. I never see them at a ball without wondering how they can *have* so much."



AN ANNUAL PUZZLE.

And some women cannot understand why men object to "a little house-cleaning"!

Digitized by Google



AWKWARD.

"Mother will be down in a minute." "Why, the maid said your mother wasn't at home."
"Then won't you please go? It will save me a good licking!"

Digitized by Google

ZEMONA'S EYES.

WITCHING eyes looked out from Zemona's radiantly beautiful face. Her forehead was faultless as flawless marble; a night of hair caressed it. Sunset lustre was in the glow of her cheeks. But you could live or die by the token of her winsome, wonderful eyes. Ah, those eyes!

It is mostly starlight and moonlight, or sunshine, in balmy, dreamy Sumtyme-by-the-Sea. Zemona was sole owner of Sumtyme—if the male population counted for anything. The two young doctors were more bitter rivals than ever before. Zemona arranged it that way shortly after her arrival. The dentist violently hated both doctors when Zemona had looked at him with her eyes. The winter colony of health and sunshine seekers was disturbed: the men were in love with Zemona, and the women were scandalised and grieved. Zemona didn't seem grieved the day I arrived in Sumtyme and met her. Her eyes looked into mine. I immediately distrusted the other men in Sumtyme.

I never saw such a poor lot. The doctors and the dentist were idiotic in their attentions to Zemona. And that sleek young curate who chatted with her for hours while I waited to take her out for a walk! Faugh!

Zemona and I enjoyed each other's society from the first. She herself told me how glad she was I had come; those other fellows were *de trop*. I could see that.

How those native doctors and the dentist hated me! The curate warned Zemona against me. She herself told me. Rapton constituted himself my enemy because I took Zemona to walk by moonlight. Zemona liked moonlight walks. It wearied me when Rapton helped himself. Sumner agreed with me that Rapton was not a person of such merit that he deserved the privilege of walking with Zemona, especially by moonlight. But Zemona had to be wise. She herself told me how it was.

"If I always go with you, won't they think we—that is, won't they really know how much we——"

"Oh, Zemona," I said, "won't you let me always walk by your side? I love you."

"And I love you," she gently murmured.

"Oh, my darling—my darling, I knew it!" I cried.

"How long have you known?" she asked.

Her raven hair brushed my brow; her forehead gleamed white in the glitter of the moon. Our seat by the ruined bridge was a throne.

"How long?" I repeated. "Ever since your eyes looked into mine."

"I am so happy!" she softly said. "so content! I love you so!"

"The years have been waiting for us, and we have found each other at last," I answered.

Ah! The happiness of that exquisite night!

"And must we go back?" said Zemona, when hours had come and gone.



"Yes, dear," said I, bravely.

"And, darling," she whispered, "we shall say no word of ourselves to any one here—no word of our—of our—happiness! It would be better so."

"My own," I promised, "not one word until you wish me to speak."

"So, so, so happy!" she almost sobbed, as we parted at last, though not to sleep.

Zemona was mine! She had given me her love! How little I deserved so precious a gift!

Zemona's invalid aunt monopolised the next day.

At twilight the song-birds were twittering and the night winds were sighing through the pines when Zemona went to walk beneath the stars with Heffner. Heffner had arrived at Sumtyme only that day. Zemona had gazed at him as they were introduced. Heffner was a presumptuous scoundrel. If he hadn't been so obese he would have backed away when I looked at him. Zemona glanced at me piteously. What could she do?

I walked by myself that evening. At ten-thirty I came very near to the ruined bridge. Heffner and Zemona were there. The air was quite still now.

"I am so, so, so happy!" I heard Zemona repeating.

Dear girl! She was thinking of me.

I could have killed that viper Heffner. His arm seemed to be partially around Zemona's waist. He dared to make love to my Zemona, even as she sat there dreaming of me.

Zemona told me all next day. Heffner had proposed marriage to her. Zemona was inclined to be indignant, but I counselled calmness. Zemona and I had the most outrageous luck trying to be together. The next night the sleek young curate took Zemona's evening. The night after that the elder of the young doctors called. The breeze was playing about his ridiculous whiskers when I observed him, at nearly midnight, still sitting with Zemona by the ruined bridge.

"Zemona," said I, on the fourth day, "let us announce our engagement."

"Darling, we must not!" she said. "Aunty has never dreamed of such a thing."

"Long winter resorts!" said I to myself, at the end of the week. Those insane doctors, that imbecile dentist, that fool Heffner, that worthless young preacher, Rapton, Rapton, Sumner, and I were in one another's way every minute. Only Zemona's sweet and commanding graciousness could have borne with it all.

She sat with some one of us by the ruined bridge every night, while a million stars looked down and laughed at the idiocy of any one of the rest of those fellows who foolishly imagined they could ever win Zemona. She was mine!

Often we men ran into one another when strolling about at night in the vicinity of the ruined bridge. We were very polite.

Glad relief was mine when Zemona told me that she had written of our engagement

to mamma. As for aunty, she wished her to learn the happy news only from mamma.

My darling was going home to make ready for our wedding!

Zemona and I decided that it would be better not to announce our engagement in Sunnyme until after her departure.

"They have been so attentive, you know, dear: it would be nicer not to wound their feelings."

Heffner and Rupton and Rapton and Sumner and the doctors and dentist and preacher had proposed marriage. Loyal to me, Zemona had told me all.

Zemona had a trying time disposing of that crowd of my would-be rivals when she was about to leave Sunnyme. Each one had to have a farewell interview. She was to break her journey at Woodchester, and arrive in town on Friday. There were nine of us at the station to see her off. All I had at the last was a clasp of the hand and the whispered words, "Think of me, dear!"

But my proud revenge was to come. That very night I would announce our engagement. I wished particularly to tell the curate. I sought him out.

"Did you know that Zemona was engaged?" I asked him.

He looked pleased.

"Ya-as," he drawled. "Ah am goin' up to town for our marriage next month."

I saw that the curate's mind was more than usually unbalanced.

I found Sumner. I told him about the curate's hallucination.

"He's a liar!" said Sumner hotly. "Zemona and I have arranged to be married in the spring."

"Look here, Sumner," said I, "don't be rash. Zemona wished *me* to announce *our* engagement to her as soon as she went away, and——"

Rupton and Rapton and Heffner came up.

"You can stop your nonsense and apologise!" Rupton was saying to Rapton.

"You are both mad!" Heffner vociferated. Zemona and I are to be married in just one month."

Zemona was engaged to all of us. The doctors and the dentist, too. Everybody! Our courtships had not essentially differed. She told each of us we made her "So, so, so happy!"

That night we *fiancés* gave a bachelor supper. I proposed the toast, "Zemona's Eyes!"

The crowd went wild with enthusiasm. They deputed me to go north by the next train to catch Zemona when she arrived at the London terminus on Friday, and present her with a memorial.

This was it:

To our Zemona:

We have been So, So, So Happy!

Your Loving and Loyal *Fiancés*,

(*Signed*) RUPTON, DR. FEE,
RAPTON, DR. MALGUM,
SUMNER, REV. GUELDON,
HEFFNER, HASTINGS.
DR. PROUTNG,

I signed last merely by chance. I believe I stood as high with Zemona as any of them.

Zemona sweetly smiled when I met her on the main line arrival platform.

Evidently she had made an acquaintance. He was carrying aunty's wrap.

"Mr. Hastings, let me introduce Mr. Billings," said Zemona.

"Mr. Billings," said I, "allow me to congratulate you upon your engagement to Zemona."

"How in the world did you know that?" cried Billings, in ecstatic surprise.

"I know Zemona," said I.

Zemona laughed as musically as always. Her eyes were glorious; they were never more dazzling.



PREPARED.

Wife: "I found out something to-day that I promised never to tell." *Husband:* "Well, go ahead; I'm listening."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

SIX A.M.—JUST

Digitized by Google



:FORE HE AWOKE.

Digitized by Google



NOT WORTH IT.

"My pearl necklace has gone into the wash basin and down into the trap. Send for the plumber at once, my dear." "A plumber? Not for one pearl necklace."



A DAY-DREAM.

BEHOLD her here, a vision
Of idleness supreme;
And see with what precision
The pencil traced the dream:
Her throat, a bower of blisses;
Her lips a lure for kisses;
Her eyes, the blue abysses
Wherein the love-lights gleam.

What tender fancies waken
Behind that forehead white,
Above whose dawn is shaken
Her tresses spun of night.
And in those twin stars under,
Kindled with love and wonder,
What wealth is there to plunder—
What measureless delight!

She is a matchless May-dream,
A graceful, girlish thing
Lost in the first sweet day-dream
Of love and song and spring.
Shapely and fair as Juno, —
Not more than one or two know
Her name; but, Sweetheart, you know
It is of You I sing!

Digitized by Google



She: "Don't you think every man should get married in the morning of life?"

He: "Oh, yes. Morning is the time to wake up."

Digitized by Google



MADDENING FOR THEM.

Jones has asked Miss Robinson to sit out the next dance with him. Won't they be mad later when they find, instead of the dance, that refreshments had been served?

Digitized by Google

THE DEADLY PARALLEL COLUMN.

AS IT IS IN FICTION.

REGINALD COURTLEIGH'S bold, hungry eyes devoured the subtle fragrance of her presence. There had never been a time since he knew his own mind that Grace Ashley had not been queen of his heart. Always the subtle appeal of her fathomless liquid eyes has sent the wine bounding through his veins; always the wild-rose bloom on her velvet cheeks had seemed to him Nature's high-water mark. The proud poise of her beautiful dainty head, the mimitalde curve of her fine pulsing neck, surely these belonged only to the most rare flower in life's garden.

Courtleigh's breath came faster. From the bottnm nf his soul he loved this splendid little beauty, whose every notion compelled admiration, whose most careless glance sent the blood pounding against his heart like a hammer, whose smiling Cupid's bow of the mouth was a continual challenge to the lurking savage in him. Yet to look at the careless grace of the man, the Greek head set on the splendid shoulders, the classical immolde features that were a mask to the passionate nature of this ardent and commanding lover, was to know nothing of the love that was his whole life.

For long he looked at her in silence, then under his breath she heard the broken words come hissing through his tight-clenched teeth:

"My love, my darling, my life nay, dearer than life, a thousand times more dear."

Among other gifts he had that supreme one nf winning speech, a voice that wooed caressingly to laughter or to tears. His words were champagne to her love-starved heart. She looked up, startled, a graceful bird about to take flight.

His black eyes held her fine brown ones with the grip of steel. There was a question in them that would not be denied. The colour fled her damask cheeks, then the wild-rose bloom surged back in a tumultuous sweep!

"Tell me, darling," he demanded, evenly, "are the gates of heaven to open for me, or am I to be cast into the uttermost depths?"

Though his heart stood still, there was never a flicker of the eyelids.

"Truly, Reginald, do you love only me?"

Not doubt was in her question, but eagerness to hear his own denial.

"I give you the word of a Courtleigh," he told her, with a fine pride.

Her glad eyes flamed.

"You have never loved any but me?" she asked, searchingly, as one who would read his very soul.

"None but you," he answered, with proud insistence. "Since first the sight of you gladdened my eyes there has been but one woman in the world for me. Always—always you, my beloved! Since the world began all things have worked together for this."

Her fine speaking eyes met his fair and true. Without words they told him what he asked. Reverently he stooped and brushed her little hand with his lips.

Reginald Courtleigh had found life's finest gift.



AS IT IS IN LIFE.

The deuce of it was that Tom Smith didn't know his own mind. Of course, he liked Nan tremendously, but he liked other girls, too. Still, he was leaving to-morrow for South Africa, and he really couldn't go without finding out whether she cared for him. By Jove! she did look stunning in that grey thing she was wearing. There was something about her that took him mightily. He really did think a lot of her, and he just couldn't go away without finding out where he stood. Besides, there was that Jones man. He never could see what Nan saw in that fellow. He suddenly made up his mind that he would cut out Jones, or know the reason why. Tom decided that he loved Nan tremendously. Didn't he want to take her in his arms this very minute?

"I say, Nan," he blurted out.

"Yes?"

"I'm going away to-morrow, you know."

"Why, of course! I've known that for a week."

"Ah—er—— Will you, er——"

"How can I tell, stupid, unless I know what it is?"

He upset the flower vase, and when the wreck was mopped up he began again.

"Miss me, you know! Are you going to miss me after I go away?"

"Certainly I am. I sha'n't have anybody to break my rose bowls."

He sulked.

"That isn't fair, Nan. On the last night, you know!"

"Oh, there are other," she told him, jauntily.

"Other nights?"

"Yes—and other men, too," she answered him, cruelly.

"Oh, Nan!" he protested.

"Well, there are—aren't there?"

"You mean Jones."

"Do I?" she said, indifferently.

Tom began to think that he was more desperately in love than any man that ever lived. He took a fresh start.

"You know I—er—think a lot of you, Nan."

"How do I know it? You never told me before."

He stopped teasing the drawn work on the table-piece to bits, and looked awkwardly at her, flushing like a schoolboy the while.

"I'm telling you now, you know," he said, doggedly.

"I don't believe you really care," she answered, looking at him out of the corner of her eyes.

"You'll have to guess again, Nan. How about you? Do you care—just a little?"

"Well, just a little—maybe."

(Much pantomime.)

"Oh, Tom, do you really? . . . Don't, Tom! Somebody may come."

(Continuation of interlude and pantomime.)

Digitized by Google



HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.



"No, I can't give yez no money; but you'se can take a look at Jupiter fer nothing."



A MARKED RESEMBLANCE.

Gladys: "She has named her motor-car after her husband, the count!" *Ethel:* "And why?" *Gladys:* "Well, it is very fast, and usually broke!"

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

WHY SHE DIDN'T GET THE PLACE.—The man le



ind the paper ventured the opinion that she might do.

Digitized by Google



"Jack, dear, when you are gone I shall pine away."
"Don't pine away; spruce up."



"Oh, come, Carl! You know we *must* make these calls." "Can't do it, Clara. Have to work." "Heavens! Don't you call *that* work?"



A STRENUOUS GIRL.

"Is Ethel a great charity worker?"

"Dear me, yes! At that last charity ball she danced every dance and ate three suppers."

Digitized by Google



"The elopers have returned to ask your blessing." "Blessing, eh? How do they want it—in the form of an allowance, or a lump sum down?"

Digitized by Google

The Return of the Feminine Girl.

BACK from a century's yesterday,
The feminine girl, equipped anew,
Slips down from the shelf where late she lay;
And smiles at the world and at me and you,
Claiming the welcome she knows her due.
She plants her banner on hill and shore;
We know her ruffles' soft *frou-frou*:
The feminine girl awakes once more.

The masculine maid has had her day,
With her gown serene and her mannish shoe.
The frivolous frock resumes its sway,
And high heels click on the avenue.
In daintiest garb she comes to sue
For the tickle favour she won of yore;
By the grace of her dimples she'll dare and do:
The feminine girl is awake once more.

She turns from the kiss of the sun away,
Lest she blush too deep when his glances woo.
The while her strenuous sisters play
On the windy links, she waits *perdu*
'Neath a shady tree, with a swain or two;
At a hazard of hearts she'll nobly score
By the light that glimpses her lashes through:
The feminine girl is awake once more.

Give thanks, O Man! and truthfully say,
Wouldn't you rather, ten times o'er,
Be led by a ribbon than held at bay?
The feminine girl is awake once more.



Maud. "Have you no serious purpose in life?"
Beatrice: "Oh, yes; I want to find a really wicked man and marry him to reform him."



"She calls her cook a *chef*. How absurd!" "Oh, I don't know. Perhaps that's how she gets her to stay."

Digitized by Google



STRAWS IN THE WIND.

Ferdy. "Her people treat me just like one of the family." *Algy*: "Ah, if they wanted you, they would treat you better."



FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

Hazel: "Young Banker seemed to be greatly taken with me at the ball last night. He danced with me no less than four times."

Helen: "Oh, well, that doesn't prove anything. It was a charity ball, you must remember."



CONTRARY TO RULES.

Porter of Arboreal Mansions: "Excuse me there, but no children are allowed in this tree!"



AMONG THE ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Marie: "I didn't know you ever won a prize at tennis." *Dick:* "Of course I did. We're to be married in August."

Digitized by Google



THE STORY WHEN MOTHER HEARD IT.

A PONY OF LIFE.



FLIRT you may, you can't dishearten
Him with whom you jest and play,
For in Cupid's kindergarten
Love grows wiser every day.
You can tease him or amuse him,
You can please him or abuse him,
You can seize him, too; but lose him,
Never, while he knows the way!

Flirt you may, and turn your nose up,
At the sentimental swains;
But when love, the rascal, grows up
There'll be losses for your gains;
You will mind that for your fun you
Must be kind—that, once begun, you
Later find that Love has done you,
While he let you hold the reins!

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

Desperate Course of a Lover Whose

Digitized by Google



ancée is a Confirmed Lion-Hunter.

Digitized by Google

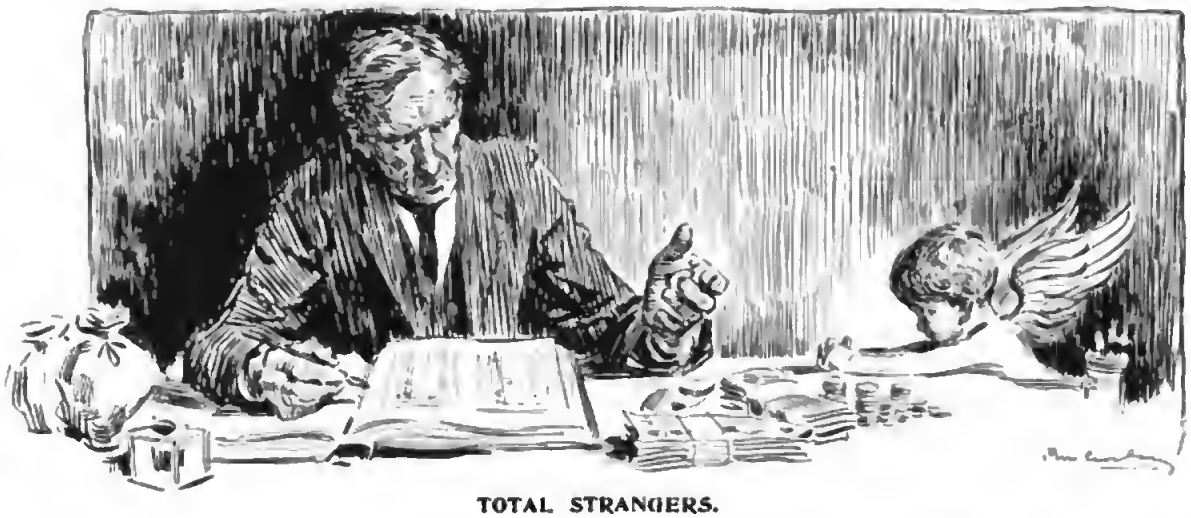


"Can't you hurry a bit, Clara? We must catch the Sawyers and congratulate them on their marriage." "There's no use hurrying for that. It's too late to congratulate them, anyhow; they've been married a month."



AN EASY THING.

Jack: "Your father asked me if I could support you in the style to which you are accustomed." *Ethel:* "And what did you tell him?" *Jack:* "Why, I told him I certainly could as long as you kept your present weight."



TOTAL STRANGERS.

Digitized by Google



HER PREFERENCE.

Ferdy: "Shall I sing 'Then you'll remember me'?"
Ethel: "No, Ferdy. I want to remember you as kindly as possible."

Digitized by Google



IN PROPORTION.

"Oh, no, it's not that I'm so fond of foreign travel, but, you know, the Continent makes *such* a good background for one."

Digitized by Google



FEMININE INTUITION.

She: "May doesn't seem quite at ease to-night." *He:* "Love?" *She:* "No; I think it's shoes."



A CONSTANT REMINDER.

Mrs. Jones: "If I should die would you ever forget me?" *Mr. Jones:* "I think not. The doctor says my dyspepsia is incurable."

Digitized by Google

LIFE WAS TOO SHORT.

[Note.—A new drug has been discovered. It has been christened "carbonylithiocarbamidophenylbenzylthiocarbamide."]

THOUGH high his pulse his brow was not;
He shook with chills and his eyes were red.
He hurried into the druggist's shop,
And gaspingly and painfully said:
"There's something wrong with my inner man;
I'm out of gear in a spot inside.
Oh, hurry now and prepare a dose
Of carbonylithio—
carbamido—
phenyl—
benzyl—
thiocarbamide!"

The druggist bustled behind his case,
And ran his eye o'er the bottle rack,
From asafœtida to myrrh,
And opodeldoc and ipecac.
"It's here, I know," mused the druggist man,
As podophyllin and punk he spied.
"Now, where the deuce is that little box
Of carbonylithio—
carbamido—
phenyl—
benzyl—
thiocarbamide?"

The patient sank with a feeble sigh,
And called, "This bother I much regret.
If it's not there, you might substitute
An overdose of the alphabet."
The druggist asked for the name again;
The man essayed it, and then he died.
He choked on the thirteenth syllable
Of carbonylithio—
carbamido—
phenyl—
benzyl—
thiocarbamide!



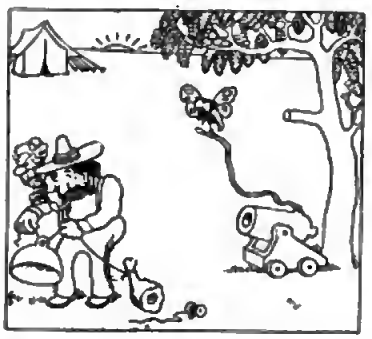
JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

"Mamma, Uncle Billy says that statue is 'Venus coming from the bath,' but I say she's going to the opera."

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME.



I.



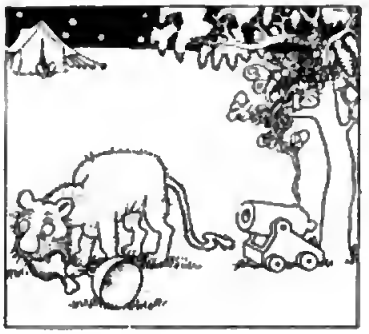
II.



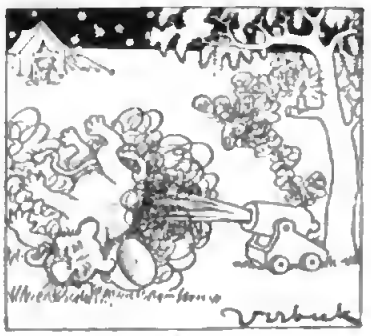
III.



IV.



V.



VI.

Digitized by Google



THAT DELICI

When you ask the unwilling

Digitized by Google

omedy.



MOMENT.

er for his daughter.

Digitized by Google



HIS EXPERIENCE

"Your wife has opened an account with us, sir, and I called to see you about it.
"Don't do it, young man. I've had business dealings with her now for ten years, and she has always got the better of me?"



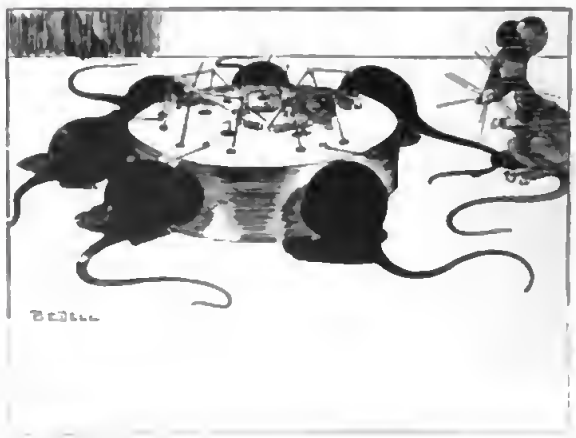
LOVE'S CATEGORY.

I CALL sweet Madge a cat-eress
(First syllable quite flat;
It is not she, but I, who serves,
Which paste inside your hat).
Ah, Life's to me a cat-a-comb!
'Tis comb-a-cat I

And I would break the dec-alogue
If I could only be
Prize-winner in her cat-alogue—
Herself the prize, you see.
Her days then one sweet mon-ologue—
The "*meow*" supplied by me.



Explorer: "Can you tell me where I can find the North Pole?"
Native: "Look here, young fellow, you are the fifth man who has asked me that question. What's the joke?"



"My, what greed! There they have been eating for an hour, and not one will come out and give me a chance."

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL COMEDY

THE HUMOROUS PHASES OF LIFE DEPICTED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

(*The Illustrations in "Pictorial Comedy" are the property and Copyright of James Henderson & Sons.*)



GOOD ADVICE.

Miss Oldgirl (who writes): "I am thinking of writing a love story founded on my own experience."
Miss Maybud: "Oh, dear me! Couldn't you bring it to a happier ending?"

Digitized by Google

HIGHER EDUCATION.

Polly: "Try another piece! Our home-made toffee is simply delicious!" *Virgie:* "Fine! They can't say we haven't learned something at college!"

Digitized by Google



A HAPPY FACULTY.

Young Tatler (to Hostess): "I have had a very pleasant evening. But then I always manage to enjoy myself, no matter where I am."

Digitized by Google



THE DIFFERENCE.

She: "Why, a bachelor is an object of public derision." *He:* "Yes; and a married man gets *his* at home"



JUST LIKE HIS IMPUDENCE!

IF features be the index of the soul,
Then yours is lovelier than any dream
Alas! There never was a perfect whole;
Beauty like yours must veil some hidden seam
Of imperfection. Would that it might be
The dear, unhoped defect of loving me!



WORKING ROUND TO IT.

She: "Pooh, what is a kiss? It is nothing." *He:* "Well, you once said you could refuse me nothing, you know."

Digitized by Google



AN EXACTING LOVE.

He: "She is very pleasant, your friend here, but frightfully jealous. Her engagement with that Japanese diplomat is broken off, you know." "*She:* "No! Why was that?" *He:* "She found he had embraced Christianity."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

Digitized by Google



EAD PILLS.

Digitized by Google

NOT WHAT WAS WANTED.



He (pleading): "One little word is all I ask, just the tiny monosyllable 'yes.'"

She: "I can give you one even smaller, 'No.'"

Digitized by Google



THE INDISPENSABLE QUALIFICATION.

"My uncle died yesterday, sir, and I want you to officiate. Can you say something nice about him?" "But I didn't know him." "Good! You're just the man I want."

Digitized by Google

THE LINE OF HEART.

"DO you believe in it?"

"I don't know," he answered, doubtfully. "I never had an opportunity of judging."

"Then I'll read your hand."

"What, you?"

"Yes, really," she replied, nodding her pretty head. "I've been studying it. Books and all that sort of thing, you know. Come over by the light."

He rose and followed her to the corner, where a softly shaded lamp diffused a mellow glow. Outside the wind was howling bitterly, but an old-fashioned wood fire blazed comfortably in the old-fashioned grate, for this was an old-fashioned house.

He had never noticed how round and white her arms were until the loose sleeve fell back when she took his hand. The touch of her cool fingers thrilled him.

"I thought so," she began. "You are a dreamer, and you do not want the world to find it out. It's been rather a hard life in some ways—you haven't always had all that you wanted."

He shaded his eyes with his other hand and rested his elbow on the table. "Safe observation," he remarked.

For the tiniest part of a second he gazed into a pair of reproachful brown eyes.

"Don't chaff, please," she said. "I can't do anything if you do."

"All right, little girl," he responded half carelessly. "Go on."

"Your palm is elastic. That shows a hopeful nature and a strong one. Your lines are deep. You will get the full of living—in suffering and pleasure."

The piano sounded softly in the next room. Her sister was playing, half to herself and half to her father, who sat nodding in the library.

"The Mount of Jupiter is well developed," she went on. "That means pride and ambition."

He smiled to himself. She was reading him very well.

"Saturn is rather weak. I'm afraid you're not very fond of quiet or study. Yet you have an ideal of a home—which you have not yet found. Apollo is good. You like music, pictures, books."

"How well you know me!" he began, but she paid no heed to the interruption. The girl in the next room drifted into the opening bars of the serenade. It sounded like some far-off melody.

"You like money, but not so well as you do some other things. Books and pictures and travel and your own way come first."

He coloured, and her lips twitched temptingly.

"This is Mars. You know there are two Mounts of Mars. This one, under Mercury, means passive courage, self-control, resignation, and strength of resistance against wrong. The other one, over by your thumb, means temper. I'm glad to see that it is less prominent than this."

She looked up at him with adorable mischievousness that made him feel a queer tightening round his heart.

"Here's Luna, down here. This means romance, ideality, imagination, and mysticism. If it swells here, it means a reverence for—well, for the 'eternal womanly.' That's the best part of you—you want to put a woman on a pedestal and keep her there."

The bewildering sweetness of the serenade sounded dimly through his consciousness and mingled with the breath of the roses—his roses—on her breast.

"You are sympathetic and charitable, generous to a fault. Friendship means much to you—ah, I know that," she said to herself. "But this Line of Heart! It's too far down in your hand; feeling is your court of first and last appeal. See how deep it lies—how it dominates your hand! There's a marriage line, too—only one—there's only one woman in the whole world for you."

The lamp flickered.

"It must need filling," she said. "I must hurry, or we'll be left in darkness."

Woven in with the serenade, her voice vibrated on his heart strings: now merry, now serious, now so wholly sweet and tender, that it sounded like the vision of Schubert in the room beyond.

"She will be all the world to you," she said, wistfully; "there will be no room for your old friend then. That ideal home you have dreamed of will be yours—and hers."

Her eyes rested full upon his, and almost in a whisper she added: "It is not far away."

For a moment he searched her face intently, but the lamp was almost out now. Then something that he saw there gave him courage, and he slipped swiftly out of his chair and knelt beside her, taking daring possession of her.

"Is that little home to be truly mine?" he whispered. "Ah, sweetheart, don't you know?"

Pale and frightened, she tried to slip away from him, but he held her fast.

"Can't we go on just as we were?" she ventured—"friends and all that? You will find some one else for—the other, but no such friend as I."

"There's no going on, dear," he said, gently; "this is the parting of the ways. There is only one woman in the whole wide world—and the little home. Why, my life, it wouldn't be a home without you, don't you know?"

The roses were scattered on the floor among their drifted petals, and even in the shadow she saw his face tense with appeal. His arms were drawing her closer; the lamp flickered and went out. The serenade was almost finished. Then she bent down and kissed him in the dark.

Digitized by Google



HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER.

"What did you do when he kissed you?" "I turned the other cheek, papa."



TO ——

'TWAS at a ball. In vain I tried
To feel less like a social martyr,
When lying on the floor I spied
A thing of yellow silk, a ——'

I put a dash there, for 'tis said
To write it plainly out amuses us,
Yet England's motto may be read
Upon just such a thing as this is.

I stooped and had it in my hand,
And wondered who might be the loser,
She could not ask me for the hand
How such a question would confuse her!

Returning with it to my place,
I wondered if my cheek were flushing,
In turn I scanned each lovely face,
Until I saw how you were blushing!

My own perception I had wronged—
To think that I would not have known her!
To whom this dainty hand belonged
No one but you could be the owner.

So thus I send it back to you,
Around this bunch of blushing roses,
One found it whom you never knew—
Whose name no hint of mine discloses.

I would not have you guess 'twas I,
For that might put constraint upon you
Perhaps you'll know me by-and-by,
Perhaps you'll love me! When I've won you.

I'll whisper that 'twas I who found
This clinging, silken band of yellow
We're strangers, still, I will be bound
You, and no other, have its fellow!

And now may my respect for you
Plead pardon for these rhyming fancies
For never motto was more true
Than "Honi soit qui mal y pense."





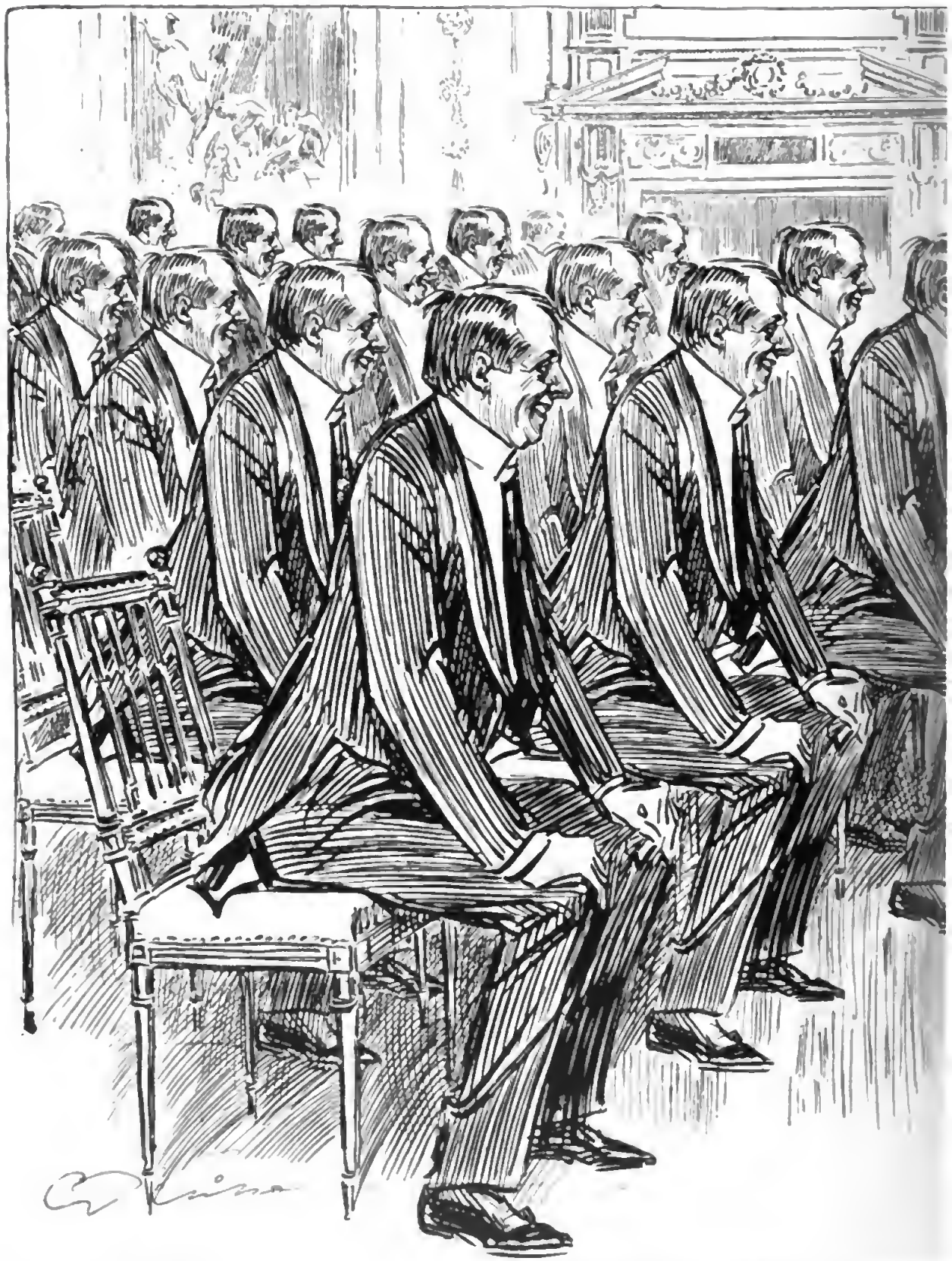
Digitized by Google



A SAD REFLECTION.

The Youthful but Persistent Suitor: "You will get tired of refusing me some day." *She:* "Yes. All pleasures end."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A CROWD.—T

Digitized by Google



third man should remember that he is a crowd.

Digitized by Google



A MATTER OF OBSERVATION.

Miss X.: "Young Hardluppe seems to lead a rather monotonous life."
Miss Y.: "Yes; his friends notice that he never has any change."



Digitized by Google



A PLEA.

DEAR GIRL, whose piercing glances are
What makes my song to start,
I wonder what the chances are
For my enraptured heart
That nothing does but sing to you
As 'twere a bird above,
And ever comes to bring to you
My love.

All ardent and all amorous
The joyous lyrics go,
Like bees bewitched and clamorous
When first the blossoms blow:
I don't think it improper to
Make love as does the bee,
So long as I've the opportu-
Nity.

I know of no vendetta, for
How could a poet hate
His music, muse, and metaphor,
His fancy and his fate?
I want your heart, and trust if I
Have pierced the doubt that screens
Desire, the end will justify
The means.

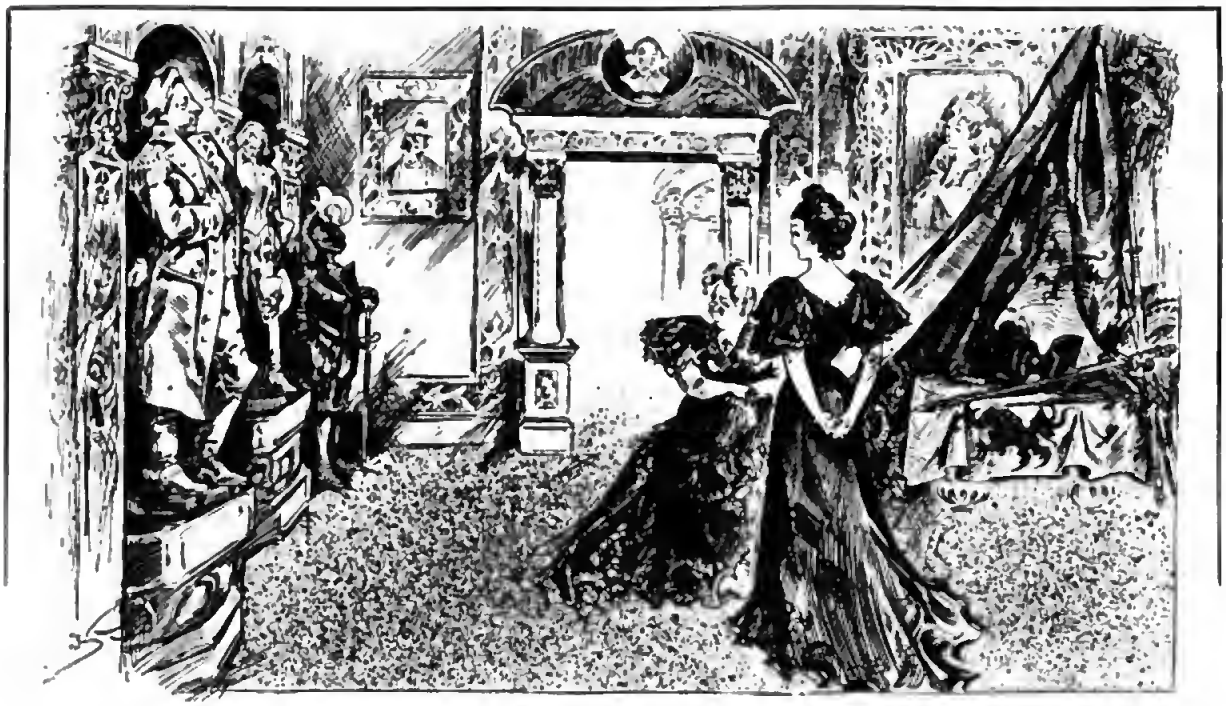


A SURE WINNER.

"Jones has started out to make a fortune. You know how many brands of health food there are that make 'rich, red blood'?"

"Yes."

"Well, Jones is putting a brand on the market that makes aristocratic blue blood."



HIS VERY LATEST.

Mrs. Upperten: "I suppose you take great pride in your ancestry?" *Mrs. Nouveau-Riche:* "Oh, yes. The genealogist assured us that they were the very latest thing in ancestors"

Digitized by Google

A PROVED ROMANCE.

(NOTE.—The tendency of the modern story is towards exaggeration. Often the reader has to take entirely unsupported the word of the author for alleged facts and circumstances that constitute the plot. Is it not time the thing was stopped?)



THE story opens on a beautiful, balmy day in June; the 17th of June, 1902.

See report of the Meteorological Office for June 17th, 1902.

With her eyes cast down, Dorothy Hopkins walked slowly along the country road of Milltown, lost in thought. There were lines of care about her eyes and mouth. She was the daughter of Squire Hopkins, the wealthiest man in these parts—(Stubbs, page 7621)—and the girl was his only child, at that time just seventeen years of age.

BIRTHS.—Mrs. Jane Hopkins, wife of Squire Hopkins, of a daughter.—*Milltown Bugle*, June 17th, 1885.

Of a sudden the face of Dorothy lighted up, and a blush kindled in her cheeks at sight of a manly figure rapidly advancing towards her on the road.

"Jim!" she cried, for it was Jim.

Mr. James Barker, of Leeds, is in Milltown for a few days.—*Milltown Bugle*, June 16th, 1902.

The man wore a plain grey suit. As he saw Dorothy, a flush overspread his countenance and he quickened his pace. After their ardent embrace there was a pause, during which Dorothy anxiously scanned James's face. At last he spoke:

"Dorothy," he said, "I am a failure. I went to Leeds to make a name writing, but I have not done it. I have not been prosperous; at times I have been very poor.

ROSENTHAL.
G. Watch, £1 10s.
Feb. 5th, 1902.

ROSENTHAL.
Suit case, with contents, £5 15s.
May 8th, 1902.

LEVY.
Trunk and contents, £2.
June 14th, 1902.

"I am afraid, dear, I shall have to try the metropolis. I have succeeded in procuring a ticket to London, and there, perhaps, I shall be able to start again, where competition is not so keen and merciless as here.

Cheap Excursion to London.

No luggage allowed.

"and I came but to say 'good-bye.' No, it is true I have no money, but I will get along somehow."

She thrust a paper into his hand.

The Milltown Bank.—Pay to the order of James Barker the sum of £20.
DOROTHY HOPKINS.

He recoiled.

"I can't take it," he cried, slipping the paper into his pocket. Then, with a choke in his voice, he murmured: "Did you endorse it?"

Unable to say more, but feeling somehow lighter in spirit at seeing Dorothy once again, he went away.

Dorothy stayed with her father in the country. This story begins to resemble those written by Hall Caine, but never mind. James wrote often and she answered. But the sum of his success, translated into the vernacular of the time, was "Nothing doing." And then one day bad news came from London in the form of a telegram for Dorothy at Milltown, containing but these words: "James dead."

Later advices said he had used a pistol, and the *Eventualer*, with its usual love for aught sensational and "yellow," made a good story out of the suicide, mentioning the fact that the body lay surrounded by piles and piles of printed slips, each alike in tenor or tone.

The Editor of *Punch* regrets being unable to use this.
D.

BREVITIES.
Returned with thanks.
J. S.

THE TIMES.
I regret.
Biffkins.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.
Enclosed seems really good stuff, but we never use good stuff in this paper unless I write it, and I am the only judge of what is good stuff.

The sad-eyed Dorothy could not understand the fatal significance of these countless pieces of paper in the occurrence of the tragedy, for she had never written herself, being always a bright and happy little girl. She eventually married a doctor who never had his bad work thrown back on his hands, and lived happy ever afterwards.

Digitized by Google



Mrs. Scrappington: "We are going to have mamma for dinner to-morrow." *Mr. Scrappington*: "Boiled or fried?"



She (still blushing): "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"
He: "No, darling, but you are the last."
She: "Am I really? Oh, George, it makes me so happy to think that!"



BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Gladys: "Has Jack asked Edith to marry him?" *Ethel*: "I judge so. She says he is not like other men."

Digitized by Google



She: "Emerson said, 'Hitch your waggon to a star.'" *He:* "Grand idea. A star wouldn't get scared at a motor, you know."



VERY TRUE.

He: "No matter how plain a woman may be, if she has pretty teeth and hair she's bound to attract some attention."

She: "Yes; they may be said to be a woman's best friends."

He: "That's so; for they say the best of friends will fall out."



THE SECOND DAY OUT.

Sailor (shouting): 'Man overboard!" *Newlywed (groaning):* "Lucky dog!"

Digitized by Google



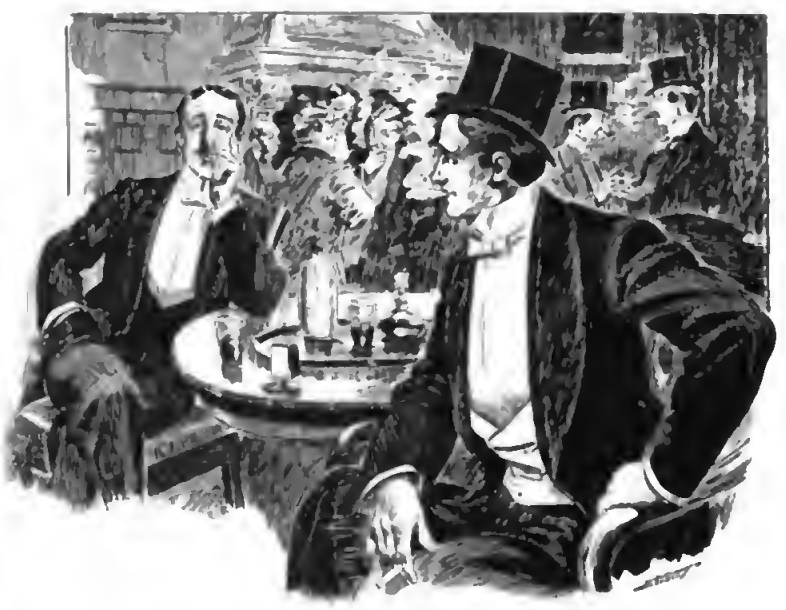
ALL RIGHT EITHER WAY.

"Does the fact that I have money make a difference to you, Herbert, dear?" "Of course it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that if I should die, you would be well provided for." "But suppose *I* should die?" "Then I should be well provided for."



"I understand that Mrs. Joyce leads her husband a dog's life."

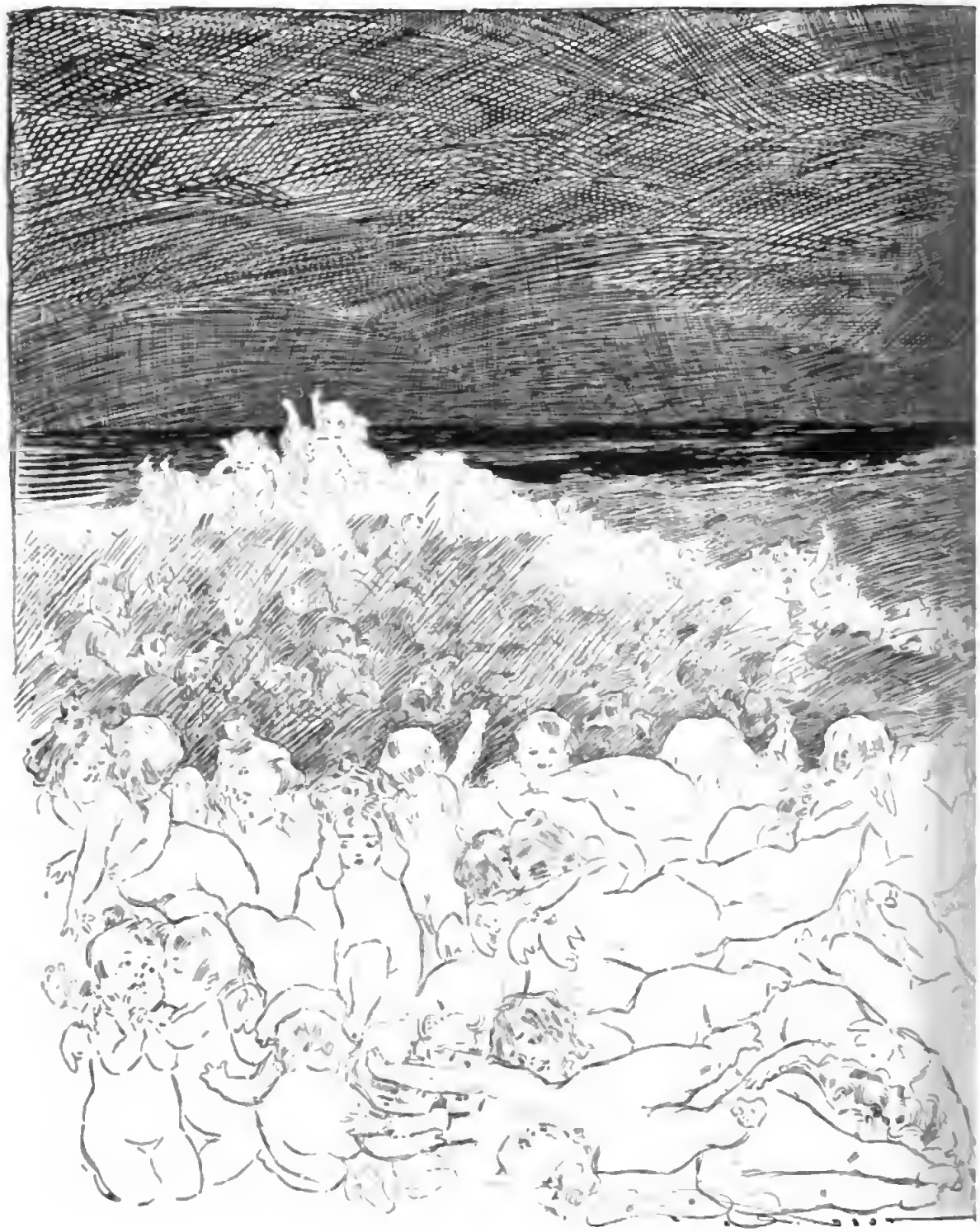
"Yes, poor fellow. She pets him from morning to night."



A HEROIC REMEDY.

Biggs: "How did you break yourself off smoking?" *Boggs:* "I acquired a taste for such expensive cigars that I couldn't afford to buy them."

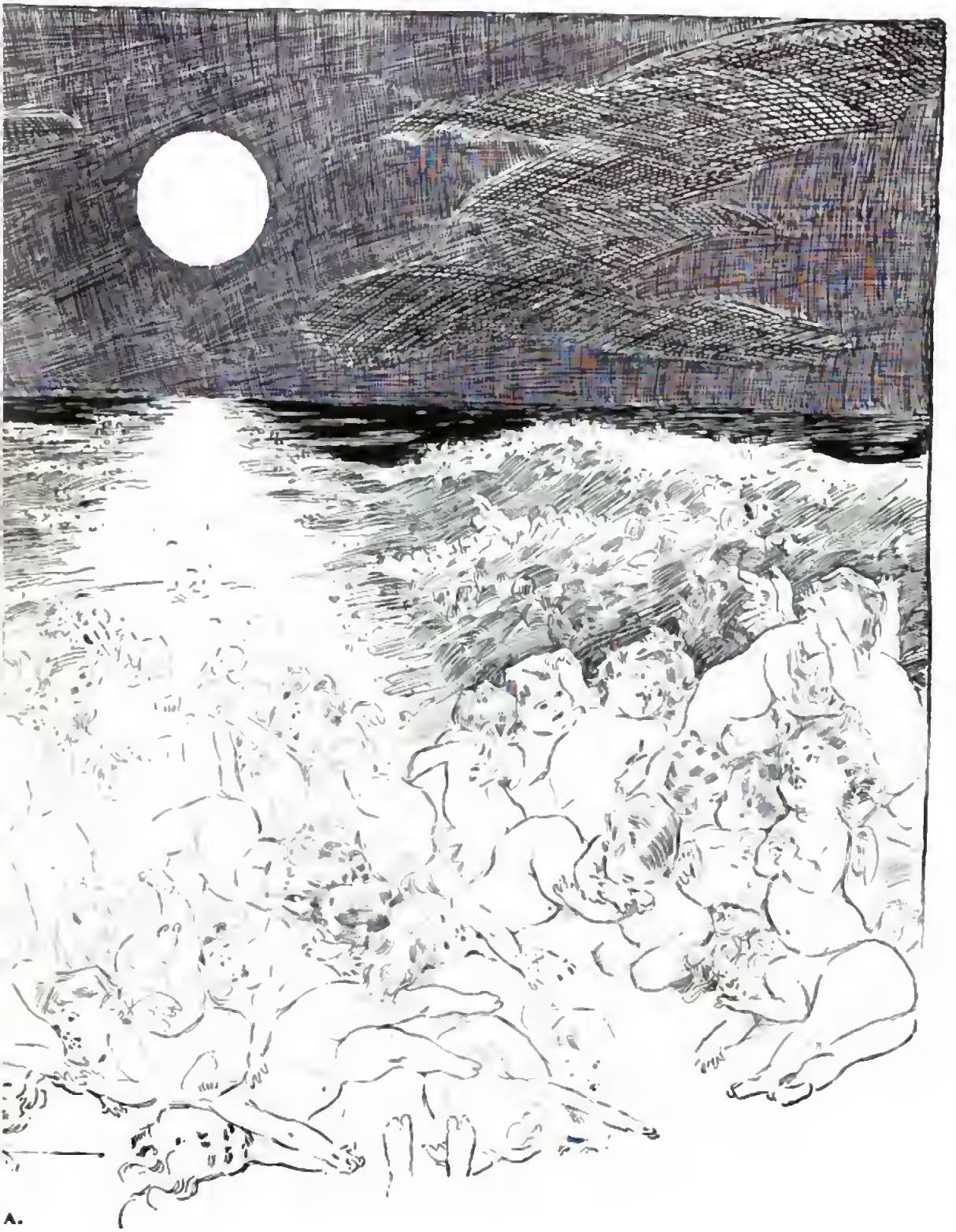
Digitized by Google



THAT RESTLESS

Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

Digitized by Google



A.



TWO KINDS.

The Club Professional: "Sometimes I run across a lot of poor sticks."
The Popular Player: "So do I. And isn't it a bore?"

Digitized by Google



FRENCH HISTORY.

The surrender to the Republican Arms was immediately followed by the Terror.



THE LUCKY MIRROR.

WHEN Helen's mirror says to her;
"A darling you! A treasure!"
She does not freeze it with a "Sir!"
Or simulate displeasure.

And when it smiles at her, and winks,
She does not cry, "Good gracious!"
I doubt me if she ever thinks
That mirror is audacious!

In vain to gain such grace I try;
Alas! Somewhere I'm lacking!
Perhaps she'd kinder be had /,
Like it, a silver backing



"Jack and I are going to Harrogate." "How do you manage it? I cannot get Tom to go anywhere." "Very simple. I just say mother's coming, and he'll travel any distance."

Digitized by Google



OLD-FASHIONED.

Mrs. Brown: "Mrs. Smith is just too silly for anything."
Mrs. Robinson: "What has she done now?"
Mrs. Brown: "She stayed away from the mothers' meeting to take care of her sick baby."



A WISE PARENT.

He: "Your father does not withhold his consent to our marriage because I am his employe, I hope?"
She: "Oh, no. He says he'll give his consent as soon as you get your salary raised."

Digitized by Google



TO her lovers all agog
She says: "Love me, love my dog!
Suitors therefore cannot suit,
Who heed not her "Et tu, *brute*."

Such dog Latin, so misplaced,
Does not, somehow, meet my taste,
Even though a canine tooth,
More or less, is mine, forsooth!

Two things cannot occupy
Space for only one, my cry.
Since my heart is full of *her*,
How *can* it include the cur?



"They say he's a trifle 'close.'" "Close? Why, he won't run his motor on a road where the fines are over forty shillings."



WHAT SHE TOOK HIM FOR!

Second Man: "The missus treats me like a 'orse. She'll drive me to death."
The Butler: "She must take you for a livery 'orse, old chap."



She: "Your sister May is a lively girl: she's a perfect dream isn't she?"
He: "Um-m, yes-es. But, then, you know, dreams usually go by contraries."

Digitized by Google



Belle: "Married next week? Why, you told us you were booked for a personally conducted tour, and there was to be only a small, select party." *Dorothy:* "Yes, dear. But George is the personal conductor, and I'm the small, select party."



HIS MISTAKE.

She (learning poker): "Now, if you held my hand, what would you do?" *He:* "Oh, I'd make a bluff that I was holding something good." *She:* "You horrid thing!"



WOMEN.

The woman whose husband's income is fifty shillings a week tries to dress like the woman whose husband's income is fifty shillings a day, and she, in turn, tries to dress like the woman whose husband's income is fifty shillings an hour.

Of course twenty fail where one succeeds: but honest effort is always worth while, for its own sake.

When a man's income gets to be fifty shillings an hour, or more, his wife usually gives up trying to bankrupt him, and trims her own hats.

The wives of poor men are doubtless happiest.

Digitized by Google



He: "Don't you think we had better announce our engagement, dear?"
She: "Mercy, no. Why, my parents might hear of it!"

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON

He: **"And so you w**

Digitized by Google



n't let me be yours?"



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

"You seem very much affected at the tragic fate of Juliet, Laura; I thought I saw tears in your eyes."
"Yes, Jack, it does seem so sad to think that the lady who played Juliet is not really dead!"

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL COMEDY

THE HUMOROUS PHASES OF LIFE DEPICTED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

(*The Illustrations in "Pictorial Comedy" are the property and Copyright of James Henderson & Sons.*)



ITS FINISH.

Penelope: "They say the man Ethel is going to marry has all kinds of money."
Beatrice: "Well, she won't take more than two years to break up his collection."

Digitized by Google





SCIENTIFICALLY EXPLAINED.

"Doctor, why is it that some people who are perfect wrecks live longer than others who are strong and well?" "Eh, well, you see, the others die first."



Clara: "How well she looked in the last act!" *Maud:* "Think so?" *Clara:* "Oh, yes. The mask she was wearing was so becoming."

Digitized by Google



AT THE PICNIC.

Grace: "Oh, Jack, before we go, will you get me some of those blossoms off that tree?" *Jack:* "Certainly, if you wish. But, honestly now, wouldn't you rather wait and let me get you some orange blossoms?"

Digitized by Google



"Isn't there a great difference in their ages?" "About a million and a half."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.—When she



efused him, he vowed he would never marry.

Digitized by Google



THE FIRST LESSON.



MERELY A POSTPONEMENT.

Ethel lay asleep on the divan, red lips pouting. She did not hear Jack as he entered the room. Jack paused and looked at her. He smiled and stole nearer. Three minutes passed. Nothing was heard but Ethel's regular breathing. Two more minutes passed. Then Ethel slightly opened her left eye. "Fooled again!" said Jack.

Digitized by Google



THE MAGICIAN.

Digitized by Google

TRYING HIS HAND.



"HAT I claim is this," said Dimpleton, "that if I had complete charge of this household, as you have, I would conduct it on business principles. Men know how to manage these things so much better than women. They are trained in method. Instead of being on my feet all day, which you are constantly complaining of, I would have several hours to myself."

"Why not try it for a day or two?" said Mrs. Dimpleton. "I will visit Aunt Jane to-morrow, and you can stay at home and manage in your own way."

"Done!" exclaimed Dimpleton. "I've long wanted to give you a lesson in practical affairs. I'll send word to the office that I won't be in town, and you can get off as early in the morning as possible. All I want is the formula for making the baby's milk, and the keys."

Mrs. Dimpleton was off at seven o'clock the next morning: and Dimpleton, the moment the door closed, smiled a triumphant smile and proceeded to his study.

"This is the greatest chance I ever had," he chuckled to himself. "A day of quiet, uninterrupted reading. But in the meantime, I will make out my schedule. I haven't pondered this matter over my wife's shoulder all these years for nothing."

He sat down and wrote the following:

NOTICE.

This schedule goes into effect until further orders. In case of other instructions, I may be seen in my study from 10 to 11 daily.

R. G. DIMPLETON.

6.30.—All rise.

6.45 Cook will make fire. Nurse will dress baby. Parlourmaid dust halls and library.

7.—Maid will lay table. Cook will prepare breakfast. Nurse will feed baby.

7.30.—Breakfast.

8.—Cook and maid will breakfast.

8.15.—Nurse will breakfast while cook and maid mind baby. They can alternate every other time.

8.30.—Nurse will take baby out and wheel him one mile.

9 Nurse will wash dishes.

10. Nurse will feed baby. Maid will make all beds.

1 (p.m.). Nurse will feed baby. Maid lay table. Cook prepare luncheon

1.30. Luncheon.

2. Nurse will put baby to sleep

2.15.—Nurse will make baby's milk. Formula: Two tablespoonfuls of cream to half-pint water and half-pint milk.

4. Nurse will wake up baby (very gently) and feed him.

6.—Maid will lay table. Cook will prepare dinner. Nurse bathe baby, feed him, and put him to sleep

7.—Dinner.

11.—Lights out.

"There!" said Dimpleton, as he rang the bell and handed the card to the maid. "There, Marie, put this in a conspicuous place in the kitchen, and tell the other girls to read it carefully."

Marie held the rather imposing looking card, with its bold characters, gingerly between her fingers and retired slowly.

"Very well, sir," she said, as she backed out.

"Now," said Dimpleton, lighting a cigar, "for a few hours' solid comfort."

He had just had a good breakfast, and was at peace with all the world. In five minutes he was absorbed in the stirring incidents of the front page of his newspaper.

Suddenly there obtruded upon his consciousness a low wail that grew louder and louder and still louder. Then a succession of short, sharp, agonising cries. He sprang to his feet, and bounded upstairs to the nursery.

The cook, with the baby in her arms, was doing her best to pacify that recalcitrant youth.

"Where's the nurse?" said Dimpleton.

"Sure, sir, she's atin' her breakfast."

Dimpleton remembered the schedule, with a certain sense of pleasure that it was being carried out, even though the result was more discordant than he had thought of. In the meantime, the nurse, attracted by the commotion, came running up the stairs.

"Maggie," said Dimpleton to that functionary, as the baby quieted down in her arms, "I never heard him do that before at this hour. What's the matter with him?"

"Mrs. Dimpleton always held him, sir, while I was eating my breakfast."

"Well, you go back and finish," said Dimpleton, "and I'll amuse him myself."

And for fifteen minutes he played he was a horse.

Then he went back to his study. He had been there about ten minutes when there was a timid knock. It was the cook

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "but what are we to have for lunch, an' for dinner?"

"What do you usually have to-day?" asked Dimpleton, with a slight chagrin. "You're the cook, aren't you?"

"Sure, sir, the missus ginerally goes to the market in the mornin'."

"Of course," said Dimpleton vaguely. Here a whole department, and the most important one of all, had entirely slipped his mind. He must go to market. Otherwise he would get poor things to eat. He knew that—and yet

well, this morning he was too busy. He would for once trust to the butcher.

"All right, Bridget," he said; "I'll see to that."

He stepped to his desk, and in obedience to suggestions, in five minutes had ordered enough to supply a fair-sized regiment "I'll have enough to eat anyway," he said to himself.

Then he settled back again for three minutes more.

There was another timid knock at the door.

"What the deuce——" half exclaimed Dimpleton.

"Please, sir," said the voice of Marie, "the man to repair the water-pipes."

Dimpleton and the man went downstairs into the cellar. He groped his way along a passage where the cook had told him to go, opened the door, and stood face to face with an unknown woman

"Who are you?" said Dimpleton.

The woman wiped her brow.

"I'm the laundress, sir," she said.

Here was another possibility for discipline.

"Well, well," said the master of the house to himself, "I must revise that schedule."

He showed the man about the pipes, or, rather, the man persuaded him that

Digitized by Google

a new set was necessary, and once more he went back to his study.

But, much to his surprise, it was now luncheon time—and nothing more.

Dimpleton sat down to a profusion of food. Never before, it seemed to him, had he seen so much of it together at one time.

"Marie," he said to the maid, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"I don't know, sir," said Marie; "I'll ask the cook, sir. The cook says, sir," she explained, as she re-entered the room, "that the things came, and there's twice as much for dinner, and—and——"

She lowered her voice to a whisper:

"She had to cook 'em to keep 'em, as there was no room in the refrigerator, sir."

Dimpleton sighed.

"I'll know better next time," he said to himself. "No living human being could make it right the first day."

After luncheon he started back to his study to finish that front page before the afternoon paper was delivered.

There again was that wail. Then he remembered that he must either bear it or play horse again. He sprang to the nursery, mad as a hornet.

This time Marie, it being her turn according to the schedule, was doing her best.

"I'll teach him," he exclaimed. "It's evident that this kid has been spoiled. I'll teach him! Now, sir, you sit there!"

The baby, however, was quick to perceive the difference between his father's morning and afternoon mood. He yelled louder than ever.

Then Dimpleton yielded. He became a horse again for fifteen minutes.

Once more back in his study, he picked up his paper. But he could not read. His mind was in a tumult. What infernal interruption would happen next? He thought of his business. How he longed for it! He would go—he would steal away, if only for an hour.

Just then the door opened quietly.

A woman faced him. He could not believe his senses.

"Didn't you go?" he gasped at last.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Dimpleton. "I went shopping. You don't suppose I could leave you in charge for more than a few hours at a time, do you? How did you get on?"

Dimpleton was silent for a moment. Then he went over and put his arm round his wife, while he pressed into her hand a new five pound note.

"Here, my dear," he said, "take this as a slight token of my esteem and admiration. I wouldn't take your place for a million sterling."



NIL DESPERANDUM.

"Oh, I *couldn't* love another!" "Oh, pshaw! You don't know what you can do till you try."

Digitized by Google



Jerrold: "Ethel is the breath of my life." *Hobart:* "Well, take it easy till you catch your breath."

CUPID'S RECIPE.

WHILE in my hammock reading,
As quiet as could be,
Came Love, my book unheeding,
And climbed up on my knee;
And as the book was stupid
I thought it wise to try
A pleasant chat with Cupid,
To make the minutes fly.

Quoth he: "It is my mission
To diagnose your case.
I find, as a physician,
Your heart is out of place;



Your mind is apt to wander
Whenever you would read;
Of something you're much fonder
Than any book, indeed.

"To cure you, take this potion,"
And just as he said this,
I had a sudden notion
Of some impending bliss.
Then dear Myrtilla locked her
White arms around me—well,
As Cupid is a doctor,
I don't think he will tell.

Digitized by Google



WITH BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES.



IN THE MIDST OF PACKING.

Mrs. Trotter: "I don't know what's the matter with these slippers" *Her Husband:* "Perhaps they're large enough."

Digitized by Google



THE BR

Digitized by Google

Comedy.



KEN LEASE.

Digitized by Google



"I understand your golf club is in financial difficulties." "Yes. There's only one rich girl in it, and forty penniless men who insist on playing with her."



QUITE SO.

"Yes, I shall be married next week to Dick Saylark."

"I thought you said you would be the last person in the world to marry him?"

"Well, I hope I shall be."



SOOTHING.

Mr. Buckton (the gentleman on the right) says that he likes a social game of poker as relaxation and rest from the cares and worries of business.

Digitized by Google



CRITICISM.

"You see, they give very little space to the golf competition."

"Yes, so I notice. It's strange how they will let politics and criminal news crowd out matters that are really interesting."



THE WRONG COLOUR.

"A thousand congratulations, madame. It is true that your worthy husband has been decorated?"

"Yes; but it's only a bit of ribbon, and it doesn't match my complexion at all. When Charles wears it he'll have to go out without me, that's all."



NOT SO MUCH.

"She says her face is her fortune." "Really? Well, she can keep it out of her income tax returns with a perfectly clear conscience."

Digitized by Google

TWO IN A MOTOR-CAR.



WHEN Sue prepared to go out with Percy in his new motor she donned her most fetching biband tucker, in order to encourage what she trusted must be the inevitable—Percy's proposal.

Thus, a bewitching vision of smiles and laces, she deftly tripped into the car, and although Percy was at the instant bent over examining something in the neighbourhood of the off rear axle, she reflected that a poor beginning might have a good ending.

Away they whirled.

"Oh, isn't this delicious?" sighed Sue. "I'd like to ride for ever!"

"But you couldn't, you know," informed Percy eagerly. "Forty miles is all I've got the machine charged for."

This was disappointing. Such a prosaic answer, when he might have replied in poetry!

"Any way, I love"—— began Sue again.

"'Sh! 'Sh! 'Sh! please," interrupted Percy. And he seemed to be listening attentively. "I thought the action sounded queer," he explained, in a moment. "Go ahead. What were you saying?"

"I just love"—— resumed Sue.

Percy suddenly brought the car to a stop, and hastily leaped out. He crawled round underneath the vehicle and emerged, all dusty, on the other side.

"I *did* hear something! It was the squeegee bar to the pinerank lever!" he announced, triumphantly; and, shedding dust, he clambered in. "It had worked loose," he added. "With a new motor one has to be on the watch till all gets adjusted."

"Now I'm going to let her go a bit," he remarked.

Immediately the car set off faster and faster. The speed waxed terrific. Dust flew, and settled in Sue's ears and hair in a sort of cement; the wind blew her locks out of their charming curls; her face got grimy, and her hat crooked. Of course, she had no chance to talk, and Percy was entirely engrossed with various levers.

Finally they slowed down.

"Wasn't that grand?" exclaimed Percy.

He looked like a mulatto.

"Splendid!" agreed Sue, enthusiastically, and wondering if she was not a regular fright herself.

They had come to the end of the macadam, and were entering a shaded road through a woodland. The air was soft and balmy, and all nature spoke of love.

"Would you mind sitting over just an inch or so?" inquired Percy. "This confounded shut-off lever is so stiff that I must have plenty of elbow room, in case we meet a skittish team."

She jerked herself away from him.

"Thank you!" said Percy, his eyes upon the road in front.

Thus they proceeded in silence until they emerged into open country again. Here Percy heaved a sigh as of relief.

"I'm glad we're out of it!" he declared. "I always hate a shaded road, because horses scare quicker there when we meet 'em."

"Oh!" commented Sue. Motoring seemed too earnest a pastime—too earnest altogether.

However, she did not despair.

"Why didn't you come up the night before last? I was expecting you," she ventured.

"The take-in pinion of the gear connection needed filing down a little. So you see I couldn't get away in time," he answered.

"I stayed at home all the evening!" she pouted.

"The pinion ought not to have given out so soon," he asserted, with a wise shake of his head. "I'm going to make the company supply a new one for nothing.

"May I work the lever?" she asked.

"Well—perhaps you'd better not, if you don't mind my saying so," he replied, thoughtfully. "We *chauffeurs* have to be mighty careful.

"Now we'll spurt!" he said, cheerily, as if to make amends. Whir-r-r! On leaped the car, and again the dust flew and the wind blew, while Percy, like an inexorable demon, clutched the levers and, crouching forward, sternly glared ahead.

Whir-r-r-r! And Sue shut tight her eyes and her mouth, and waited.

There was a rattle and a series of clicks, and the machine came to an abrupt standstill. Percy fairly tumbled out and disappeared underneath, as on a former occasion.

"It's that take-in pinion!" he announced, still invisible.

He crawled into sight for a second, and then scuttled back once more and hammered with a stone, so that the whole vehicle shook.

"I can't repair it!" at last he declared, suddenly bobbing up into view from between the wheels upon Sue's right.

"We're stuck!"

"Won't it go?" asked Sue, in alarm.

"No!" assured Percy, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Pinion's broken in two; I'll have to wait for a tow. Lucky we're not far from the railway though," he continued. "There's the station—just down that side road, you see. You won't mind going alone, will you? I'd hardly like to leave the machine."

"Oh, nn; not at all. Don't leave the car by any means!" responded Sue, briskly descending and tripping away towards the station.

"I'll watch you!" called Percy.

Maybe he did; but when she looked back once he was nowhere to be seen, and probably was under the car.

* * * *

Sue Sweete did not marry Percy. She married a man who was mortally afraid of a motor-car, could not be induced to enter one, and didn't know the least thing about them.

Digitized by Google



READY FOR THE SUMMER TRADE.



"That man you bowled over says he has the number of your machine." "What did he say it was?" "Sixty-six." "It's ninety-nine. He was standing on his head at the time he saw it."

HER NEW HAT.



I SING Myrtilla's July hat;
And not to be satirical,
I call a pretty thing like that
A millinery miracle:
How much it cost I do not know—
That matters not a whit to me
So long as it is *comme il faut*—
Style's climax and epitome.

Of ribbons wrought and woven wire,
And with an ostrich feather in—
What more could any girl desire
To celebrate the weather in?
It is a captivating crown—
A queen, you know, must have a new
Sensation when she greets the town
In July on the avenue!

So, watching as Myrtilla goes
In all her vernal royalty,
My heart remembers what it owes,
And pledges love and loyalty:
A bonnet's apotheosis!
And if I sing its wonder, it
Is just because I'd like to kiss
The rosy face that's under it!



"What is your objection to him, papa?" "Why, the fellow can't make enough money to support you." "But neither can you."



SADLY LACKING.

"My husband cares only for money—he has no finer sentiments whatever." "No?" "Not one. Why, I can cry for hours without getting a farthing out of him."



"I flatter myself that this farce will be one of the best things of the season."
"Yes. It's not to be laughed at."



HER VIEWS.

The Maid: "Isn't she foolish not to take me into her confidence? She seems to think she can keep a secret while she keeps a maid."



The Accepted Suitor: "You didn't seem to like me at first."
"Oh, I had to get used to your face, you know."

Digitized by Google



FUNNY, AFTER ALL.

"It's no laughing matter to be rejected by a girl with a quarter of a million."

"Well, I don't know. You see, old man, she's just accepted me."

Digitized by Google



ONLY AN UNDERSTUDY.

She: "I know that you must have made love before to some other girl." "But I had you in mind all the time."

Digitized by Google



HAD HIM THERE.

Hard-hearted Husband: "It is no good, Isabel; you've had three bonnets already this season, and I really can't afford a fourth." *Poor Little Wife:* "What nonsense, Plantagenet! You'd no business to marry, if you couldn't dress your wife properly" *Hard-hearted Husband:* Hang it, Isabel! you took me for better or worse." *Poor Little Wife:* "Yes; but I didn't take you for being dreadfully stingy!"

Digitized by Google



WHERE?

LONG since, an ardent lad, I read
Of wondrous quests by flood and fea,
And golden ladies long since dead—
Queen Helen, fair Penelope;
I knew their beauty's witchery
For me some maid must still repeat,
The while I questioned, wistfully;
"Where is it I shall find you, sweet?"

I follow love as pilgrims tread,
Before me ever gay and free,
With saucy turnings of her head,
Lures me that fair elusive She,
But at the journey's end my fee
Is still some stranger's face to greet—
Another, lesser love—ah, me!
Where is it I shall find you, sweet?

The time of questing knights is fled.
I may not search by land and sea,
Yet, each my need, I dare instead
Dinner and dance and fete and tea.
Somewhere that dainty lass must be,
Dark eyed, majestic, blonde, petite,
Waiting my oath of fealty.
Where is it, I shall find you, sweet?

L'ENVOI.

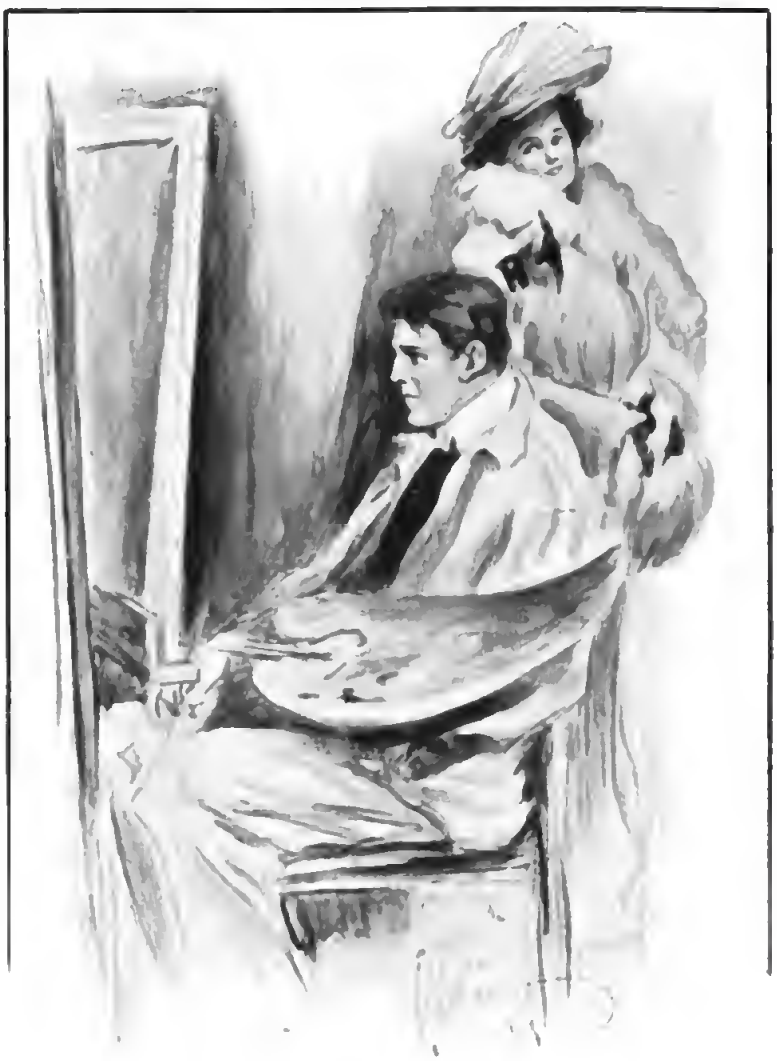
Princess, I pray you, heed my plea;
Grant me some sign to guide my feet.
What time I cry you as I flee—
"Where is it I shall find you, sweet?"



BEHIND THE SCENES.

"It's like this," said the would-be actress, "I can't quite make up my mind to ——"

"Oh, that'll be all right," interrupted the manager. "It doesn't matter about a little thing like that, if you can make up the rest of yourself according to the requirements of the part."



HOW IT LOOKED.

Van Dauber: "I don't believe your brother Bob has an enemy in the world."
Ethel: "Oh, I don't know. He's just bought one of your pictures to give to somebody."

Digitized by Google



BESIDE THE SEA.

Grace: "Is her husband a man of much sentiment?" *Alice:* "Not a particle. He seems to think golf links were made to play golf on!"

Digitized by Google



She: "If you have really lost everything, Lord Albion, I see no help for you but to marry an American heiress."
His Lordship (with decision): "A fellah may be unfortunate, but he ought to consider his family."



The Wedding-Ring



HIS SAD EXPERIENCE.

The Count: "Eet ees true zat money talks."
The Baron: "Mais, oui, mon ami; but so frequently it say no!"



AT THE RACES.

She: "He has an excellent record hasn't he?"
He: "Yes. Too bad he's always so far behind it!"



IT LOOKED SO.

The Actor: "I don't quite like the outlook for next season, but I'm not borrowing trouble."

The Actress: "Aren't you? Have you succeeded in borrowing something else?"



CONSIDERATE EMPLOYERS.

Belle: "Why, Willie doesn't mind the trouble. It's a labour of love, isn't it, Willie?"

Willie: "Yes; and the labourer isn't even going to ask for shorter hours."



A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

"She was dreadfully disappointed in Jerrold." "Did she refuse him?" "Yes, just to see him do something rash."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

THE RESULT OF A LARGE

Digitized by Google



ICE IN A SMALL ROOM.

Digitized by Google



A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.

Her Husband: "I believe diamonds have gone up fifteen per cent."
She: "Well, then, I think we ought to buy. Just think how economical we will feel if somebody should corner the market?"



OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

He: "I certainly thought you had given me some encouragement."
She: "Well, you mustn't mind it. It's a habit of mine, but I don't mean anything by it."



How about Mamma?

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL COMEDY

THE HUMOROUS PHASES OF LIFE DEPICTED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

(*The Illustrations in "Pictorial Comedy" are the property and Copyright of James Henderson & Sons.*)



A MITIGATION OF THE PENALTY.

He: "And shall we never meet again?"

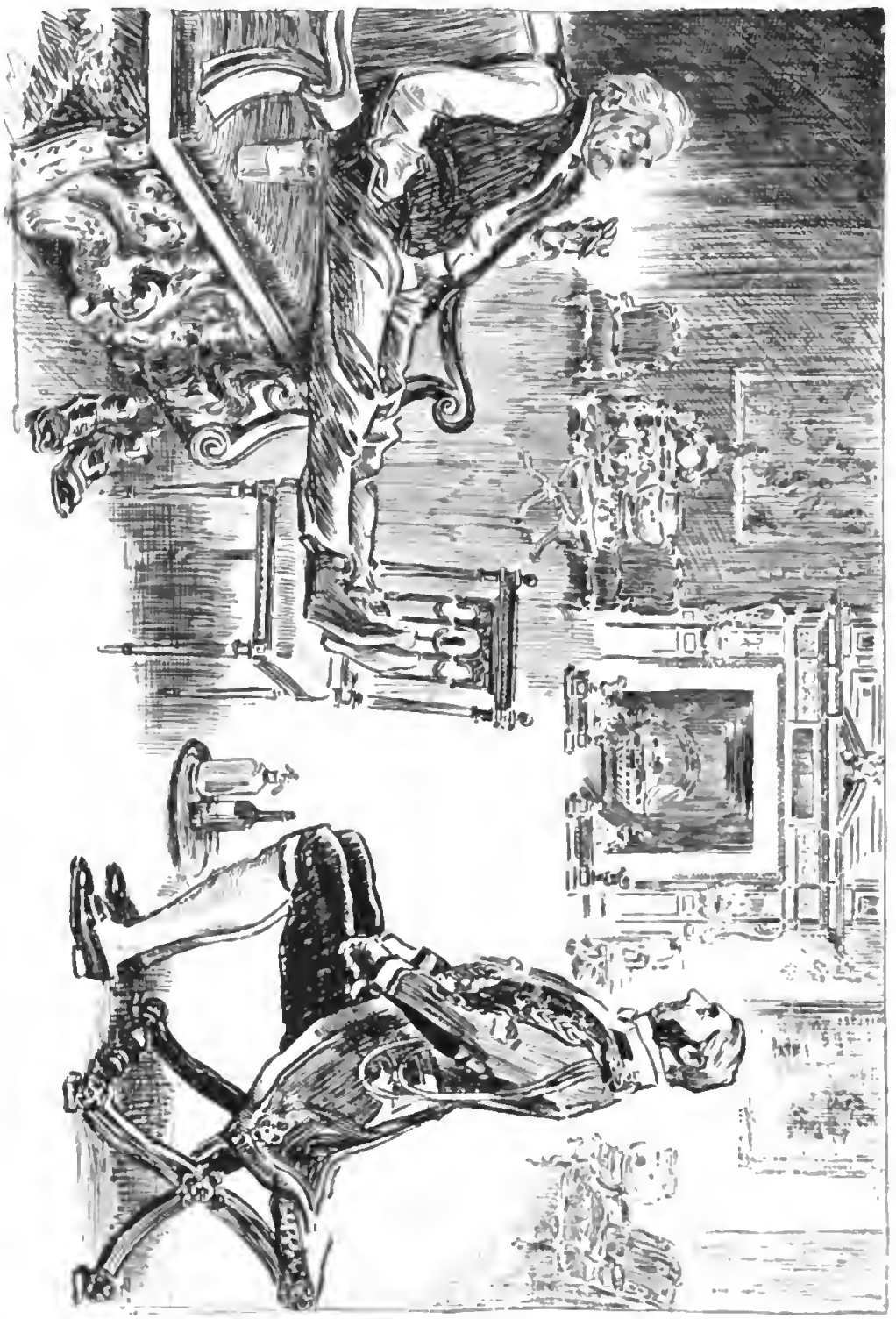
"Never. Unless you like to come round occasionally and take me to luncheon or *a matinée*.

Digitized by Google

SUMMER ROSES.

"She says she would like to get away somewhere where she would have time to think."
"Well, I always feared she wasn't cut out for a society girl."

Digitized by Google



Mr. Hoggan, the retired "Lard King," is of a sociable disposition. His wife refuses to admit his old friends, and he cannot stand her fashionable acquaintances.

Digitized by Google



TO GIVE VERISIMILITUDE.

Hero of Historical Novel: "Look here, if you're going to write a sequel to this story, cut out a few 'gadsookses' and 'odds-boddikinses,' and just substitute a few plain 'damns.'"



"ELIZABETH IN A GERMAN GARDEN."

Digitized by Google

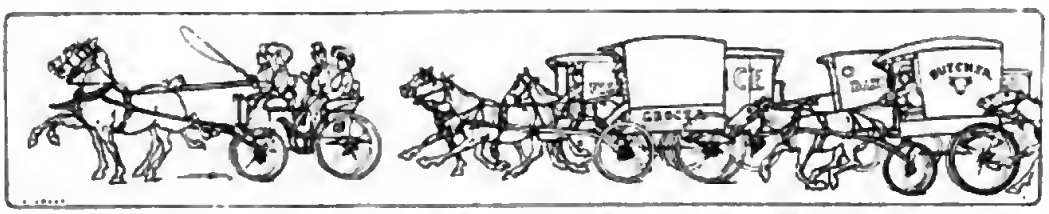


MEADOW SWEET

IN a meadow sweet and sunny,
Blossom, bloom, and blue above,
Where the bees were making honey,
And the birds were making love
There was no one to discover,
None to listen, none to spy
Happy love and happy lover—
You and I

I remember still the look you
Gave me in that hour of bliss,
When within my arms I took you
For a first and sweetest kiss
What a dream, and what a theme to
Make a song of! I recall
Now the fact, you didn't seem to
Mind at all,

When I think how very sweet it
Was to kiss you, sweetheart, so,
How my heart longs to repeat it
While again the blossoms blow!
If your heart is also tortured
By the same dear longing then
Come with me, and, in the meadow,
Kiss again.



Reception Committee welcoming New-comers at a Summer Resort.

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

Mr. A. Floater Horgan is taking a few da

Digitized by Google



's' much-needed rest at his Country Home.

Digitized by Google



HIS AMBITION.

Jimmy: "My! How'd yer like ter hev a wife like that?" *Billy:* "Grand! And if I ever git a job payin' twenty-five a week I will! But what kin a feller do on six bob?"



GOOD PROSPECTS.

"How attentive Mr. Tattler is to Miss Millyuns! Do they get along well together?" "Nobody knows." "Well, that's encouraging."

Digitized by Google



NOTHING BUT MONEY.

He: "Worth half a million, isn't he?" *She:* "Yes; but otherwise he's worthless."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

American Girls Always on Hand.



THE nobility should consult our list of American girls before making a choice elsewhere.

A corps of trained lawyers is constantly on hand to consummate negotiations.

Our supply of American girls is constantly being increased by new additions. As soon as any young girl's parents have acquired enough wealth to make her marriage to a nobleman a desirable thing, she is duly registered with us. Marriage settlements are arranged for, if desired, without an interview with the girl, and the good, hard, solid cash put up to bind the bargain.

Inquirers should state not only how much they personally require, but how much estates are mortgaged, and whether they prefer settlements in cash or securities. Also their pedigree.

Personal attention given to dukes and earls.

State age not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. If applicant is old, gouty, and dissipated, it should be stated, as these noblemen are usually more particular in their selection, and greater care than usual will be taken to supply them with beautiful American wives.

Herewith we present two specimens of our latest American novelties:

HELEN J——.

This young girl has a quiet, amiable disposition, and at the same time a sprightly, vivacious air. Her father made his money in Pittsburg, and has houses now in almost every part of the Morgan Belt.

She is very ambitious, and has been taught from her cradle that money is the only thing worth living for. Now, at the age of twenty-three, she is more than willing to sacrifice herself to any good, desirable lord that may come along. Father will make immediate settlement of half a million on happy bridegroom, and regular income later, according to rank and age, computed from insurance tables. This young specimen is likely to be snapped up at any moment. Apply early and avoid the rush.

BEATRICE F——.

Very desirable young American girl, who has already been proposed to by nearly twenty Americans and refused them all, pending expected negotiations with England or Continent. She is very tractable, and will be perfectly satisfied with a mere title, leaving her future husband to pursue his own pleasure. Her father is from California, and was at one time a bourgeois, but he is now a United States Senator and a member of the Jockey Club.

Money is no object to him, so long as his daughter does her duty by the British flag. The option on this fine specimen can be secured by the right party for a reasonable length of time.

(*See Illustrations on next pages.*)

Digitized by Google



Helen J——.

See page 137.]

Digitized by Google



Beatrice F——.

[See page 137.

Digitized by Google

A GOOSEBERRY.

THERE are certain sofas whose business is to be loved in. They are born, if not to the purple, to the turtle doves. Whatever combination of mahogany, South American hair, and plush have come together to make up this four-legged individuality, it has been mainly for the purposes of love.

This sofa was one of them. In discussing the matter with the armchair, it had said, with an admirable sense of its own importance:

"My dear friend, it is a great thing to feel within one's innermost self, as I do, the springs of power. When two people sit down upon me, by some subtle alchemy I can feel myself drawing them together at once. They cannot resist my influence."

And the armchair had replied, not perhaps without a certain touch of envy:

"Ah, what you say is true. You were indeed born to bring people together. When a man and a woman enter the room where you are waiting to entrap them, they are drawn towards you by a common impulse. You are a centre of gravity. With me it is somewhat different. I don't remember ever having held but one. I——"

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by the sound of voices. Two were entering.

Said the man's voice (and it was a strong, manly voice):

"Alone at last! Where shall we sit?"

And then said the woman's voice—it was a delightful voice, soft and low, well-modulated, and yet capable of a wide range of tremulousness and shades of emotion:

"I am going to sit here."

Then it was that the sofa creaked a good old-fashioned double creak that meant business.

The armchair sighed.

"Another frost for me," it observed disconsolately.

"Listen," said the sofa. "Be a real wise gooseberry, and enjoy yourself vicariously. You may learn something."

Said the man's voice:

"I have wished so long to be alone with you. I have something to say."

And the woman's voice replied:

"I hope it is interesting."

The man's voice:

"That depends. It might be the most interesting and absorbing thing in the wide world—for you—and under certain circumstances, it might be the most distasteful."

The woman's voice:

"I think I can guess what it is."

"Then perhaps you would rather tell me? It is always a woman's privilege to instruct a man. Sometimes, indeed, a woman's very silence teaches a man all that he needs to know."

"Ah, yes. But perhaps I am not such a wise woman as that. Nevertheless, I shall take the opportunity of naming this important *something* that you desire to say to me. Something, you say, that might interest me greatly or be distasteful to me. Well, what are these subjects that interest me or are distasteful? It can't be clothes, because they are never distasteful."



"Do you acknowledge that?"

"Nay, I glory in it. There is only one possible occasion when a woman might assert that the subject of clothes was uninteresting to her."

"When is that, pray?"

"When she is so much afraid that the man she is talking to will not be able to make enough money to supply her with all she needs. But that could never happen to me because——"

"Because why?"

"Why, because the man I marry must have enough. But that hasn't anything to do with our subject, has it?"

The man's voice quivered slightly.

"You are cruel. But, nevertheless, I shall waste no more time—valuable or invaluable. But I shall tell you the subject at once. It is all about us two—no one else. I love you! There, is that sudden enough? Dear, don't answer me at once. I couldn't help it—I had to say it right out. Won't you look at me? Won't you speak to me? Tell me it is all right."

There was a silence.

The sofa was calm—calm with the confidence of the inevitable.

"Now, you observed," it said to the armchair, "how the whole thing works. You are new, of course—let's see, you came first from the furniture shop yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the armchair, and sighed—though why, it could not tell.

"Well," repeated the sofa, "you see how it works. At first there was a lot of irrelevant talk. I suppose you thought they weren't going to get together at all, didn't you?"

"Well, I must confess I didn't see what they were driving at."

"Exactly. That was pure nervousness. He was sparring for an opening, and she, with the soul of a coquette, was determined to let him make the fatal plunge for himself without any aid from her. Now she's got him hard and fast."

"Well, it's all new to me," said the armchair; "but now that I think it over, it was pretty well done, wasn't it?—I mean, on her part. She gave him to understand that there wasn't any good proposing to her unless he had money enough."

"Yes; that was a great stroke. If they ever get married—and I hope they will, for they seemed suited to each other—and he grumbles at the bills, she will bring it back to him. She'll say, on the first of the month: 'Now, Tom, remember even before you proposed that I told you emphatically the man I married must have enough!'"

"That's so. And then, how she brought him to time!"

"Exactly. Look at him now. You can see them better than I. There's a good deal doing, isn't there?"

The armchair almost burst with the unusual excitement.

"Well, I should say so! He's holding her hand. He's—— Why, he has one arm around her waist. Why, he's——"

The sofa sighed.

"I know," it replied. "He's kissing her. I am afraid it's all over with me. I see my finish. Thus it is with all true greatness. We are but a means."

Five minutes later the armchair gazed with a new pathetic interest on the now deserted sofa, and observed, pleasantly:

"My dear sofa, I may be much newer than you are, but, after all, I seem to be modelled on a much older idea."

Digitized by Google



A TWENTIETH CENTURY IDYLL.—Alone at last!

Digitized by Google



ONE OF THE DISADVANTAGES OF

When a modest bride and bridegroom select a deserted portion of the beach

Digitized by Google



N AMERICAN FASHIONABLE RESORT.

Drawn by A. B. WENZELL.

their bath, it is awkward, on emerging, to confront the usual congregation.

Digitized by Google



HIS SWELL CONNECTIONS.

Molly: "But are you sure he is well connected?" *Dolly:* "Positively. He told me himself that the majority of his relatives wouldn't notice him."



100,000 SHARES.

THE Summer Girl once more is here
For whom we long have waited,
And, hang up to date, she has
Her heart incorporated.



AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

Alice: "Ethel says she really doesn't know whether he will propose or not." *Jack:* "Just like a novel, isn't it?" *Alice:* "Yes; but in a novel you could turn to the last chapter and find out."

Digitized by Google



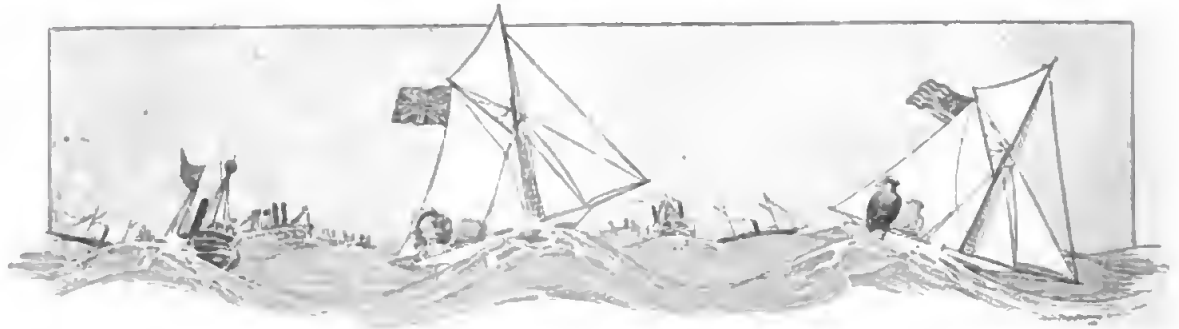
Carrie: "Here comes poor Jack! He seems to think I ought to marry him." *Beth:* "Had you promised him?" *Carrie:* "Yes, I had; but that was all."



He: "Look, look! I think that man out in the breakers is drowning!" *She:* "Oh, heavens! And I have left my camera at home!"

Digitized by Google





Digitized by Google



AMENITIES.

Muriel's Mother: "Miss Gabbins says she loves the truth above all things."

Muriel: "Yes; she realises that, as a rule, the truth is the most disagreeable thing you can say about anybody."



CONCEITED.

She: "What are you thinking about, Tom?"

He: "About the dearest person in the world."

She: "Oh, you conceited old thing!"

Digitized by Google

Lottie: "I wouldn't be a brunette like you." *Dottie (who has an elder sister):* "Pooh! I wouldn't be a blonde like you, 'cause you couldn't be a brunette, but I can be a blonde any time I want to."

Digitized by Google

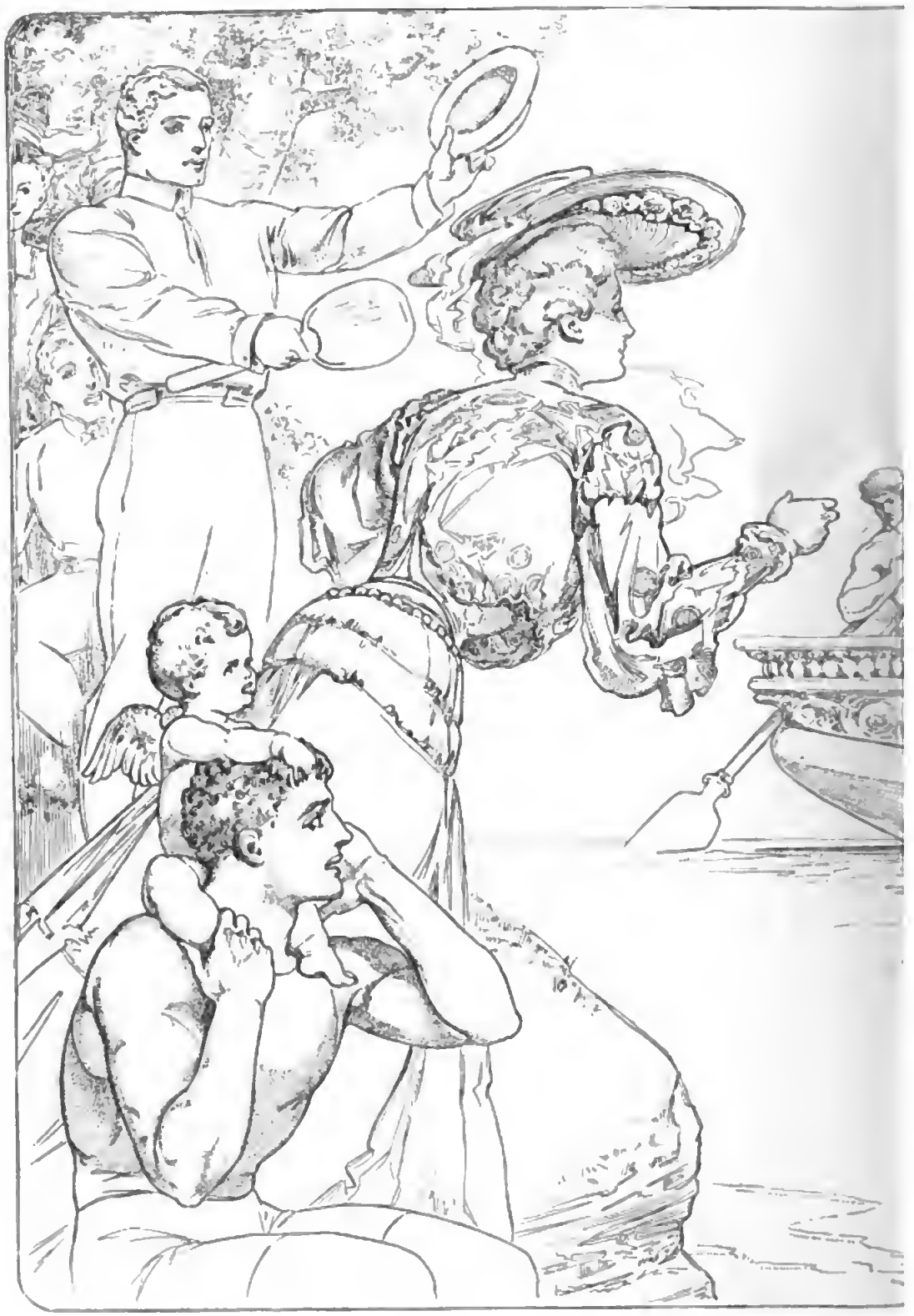


SOUND ADVICE.

"They are calling for the author. What shall I do?"

Stage Manager: "You had better get out of the back door as quick as you can."

Digitized by Google



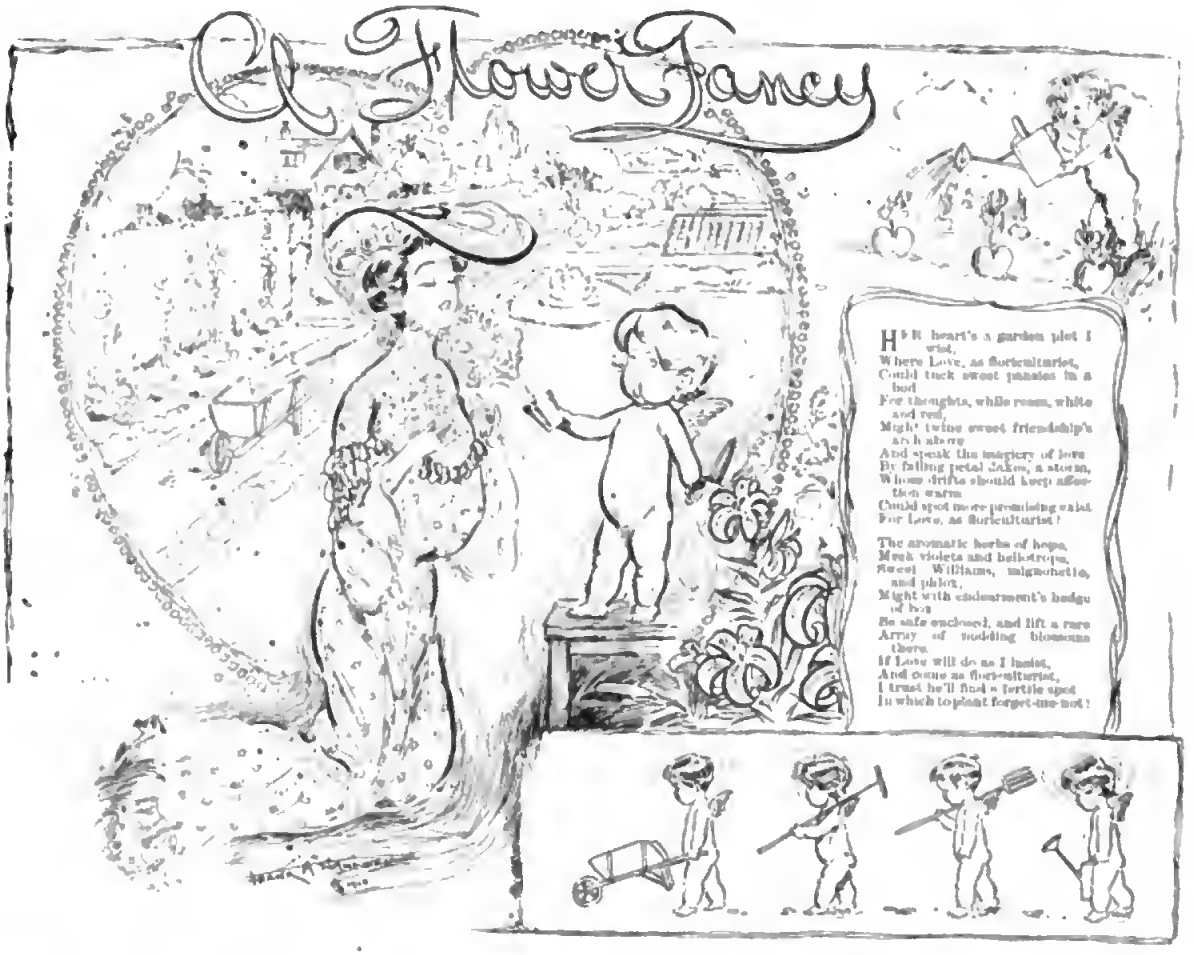
A WEL

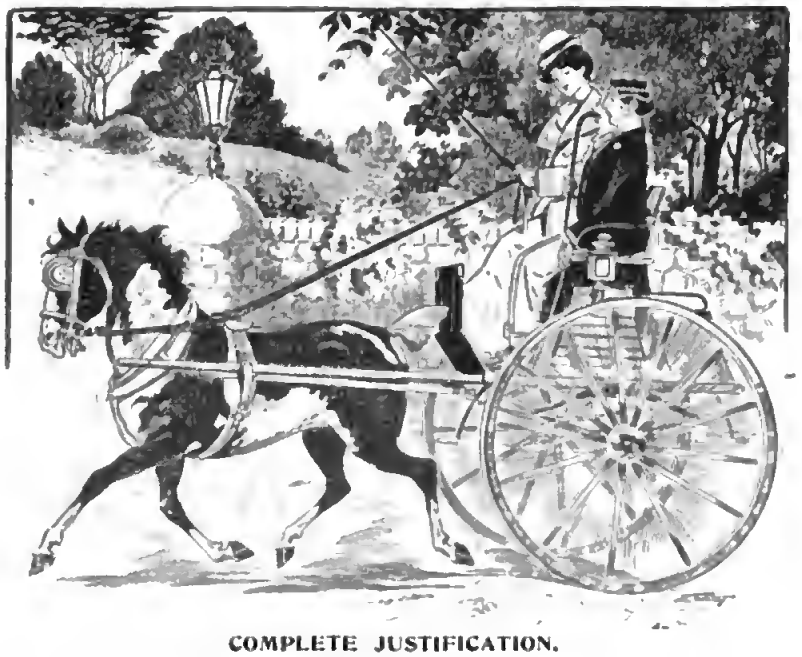
Digitized by Google



ME TO SUMMER.

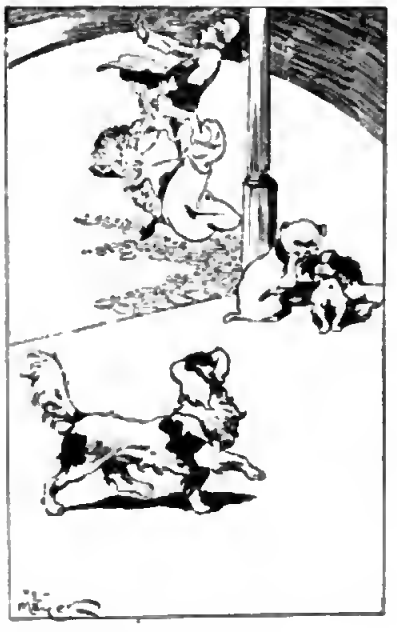
Digitized by Google





COMPLETE JUSTIFICATION.

Egbert: "Sometimes, doncherknow, I think you have no heart." *Grace:* "In that case, you can't blame me for not giving it to you."



"What makes him so stuck-up? He's a most ordinary dog."

"Sh? One of his brothers upset a fifty-horse power motor-car."

Digitized by Google



A LONG SEARCH.

The Bachelor: "I'm waiting for the interesting woman of thirty that the novelists talk about."
She: "Well, you won't find her in London. All the women under sixty are not over twenty-two."



INITIALS.

THE summer girl and summer man
Have found the country free,
And registered, as usual,
Upon the old oak tree.



AN INSINUATION.

Ethel (who has been told that she talks well): "I had a very interesting conversation this afternoon." *Marian:* "Who was the listener?"

Digitized by Google



Miss Dovye: "That's Victor Pretty. The girls rave about him." *Mrs. Wiede:* "Now, I simply can't endure him. I like strong, stern-browed men of indomitable will. They are so easy to manage."

Digitized by Google



AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

I SUPPED with a sweet anarchist,
Her wit was keen and polished,
We sat out dances—some we missed—
Law I declared abolished
Until she damped my fervent zeal,
Disdainfully dismissing
My logically just appeal
For anarchistic kissing.



How on earth could he do it?



"She ran away with her father's coachman." "Oh, well, what can you expect of a family that doesn't keep a chauffeur?"



ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

Stage-struck Maiden: "What a happy life you must lead! I wish I were an actress." *Actress:* "Oh, there are disappointments. The man I kissed in the play to-night is my husband."

Digitized by Google



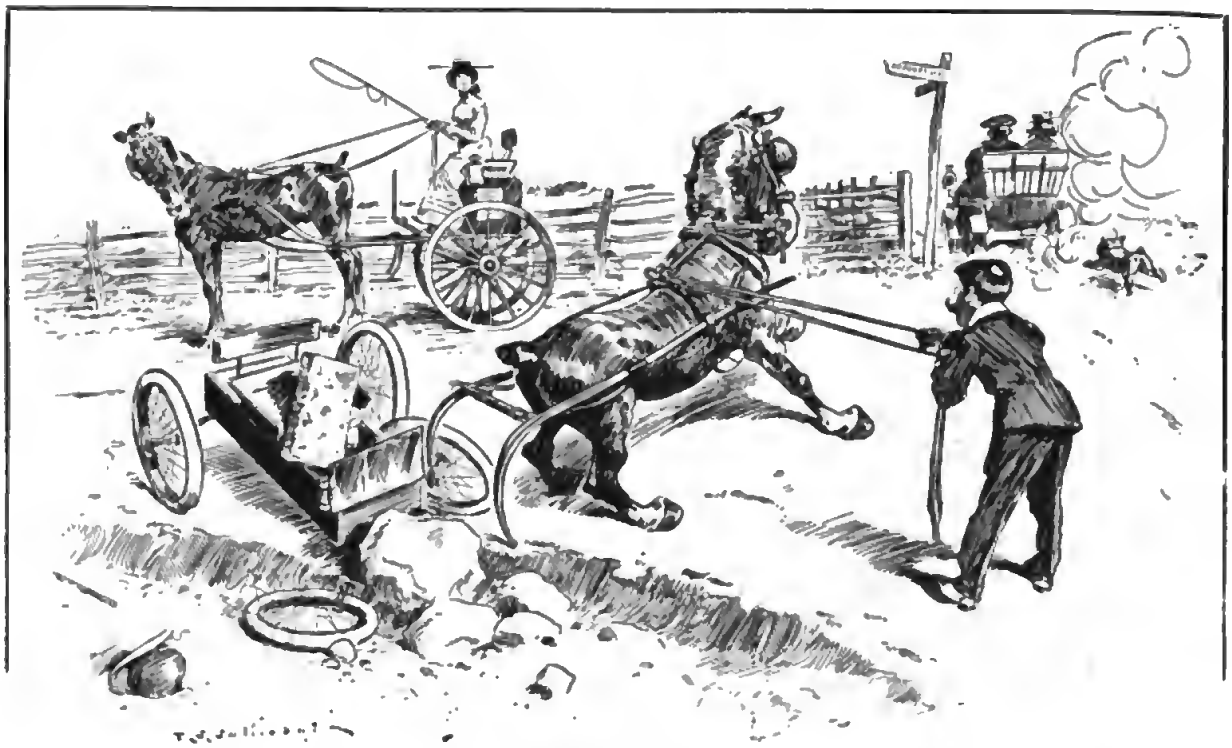
THE SUMMER GIRL ARRIVES.



PLEASANT FOR FERDY.

Ferdy: "They say Jack is an expert with the gloves."

She: "Nonsense! He gave me a box of them last week two sizes too large for me."



HIS FAILING.

She: "Your horse seems strongly prejudiced against motors." *He:* "Yes; he's nearly as bad that way as a fellow who doesn't own one."

Digitized by Google





THE 'VAR

His final fling before

Comedy.





ITY MAN.

ue becomes Office Boy.



SHE KNEW.

He: "I think your father is going to ask my intentions, Dorothy." *She:* "Yes? I wonder why he doesn't ask me!"



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL COMEDY

THE HUMOROUS PHASES OF LIFE, DEPICTED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

(*The Illustrations in "Pictorial Comedy" are the property and Copyright of James Henderson & Sons.*)



Wife: "You promised to live within your allowance, and you haven't done it. That shows how weak you are."
His Lordship: "It shows how weak the allowance was."

Digitized by Google



ALLEGRO GIOCOSO.—D. Cupid. Op. 1002.



Jack: "These summer engagements are like motor-cars." *Vivian:* "How so?"
Jack: "Well, they jar one so, they are so easily broken, a girl is never happy unless she's in one, and some of them are decidedly dangerous!"

Digitized by Google



"Which do you prefer, Paris or New York?"
"Oh, Paris, of course. I would rather have my morals than my nervous system shattered."

Digitized by Google



"Now, if we were racing and I fell overboard just as you were about to win, would you stop for me, or go on and win the race?"
"Of course I'd pick you up. It would be awfully hard lines on me, but we're not allowed to throw over ballast when we're racing!"

Digitized by Google



FEEBLE-MINDED.

"She hasn't a strong nature," said the other woman, more in sorrow than in scorn. "The least little thing worries her. Why, I've known tight shoes to disturb her, even when they made her feet look quite small. Actually!"



PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Dolly: "Oh, she says Willie is awfully good. She says he loves the very ground she walks on."

Herbert: "What did her father say?"

Dolly: "Well, he said he isn't good enough for *this* earth."



TWO A.M.

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON

HIS D

Digitized by Google



ANCE.

Digitized by Google



CON MOTO TRANQUILLO E DOLCE.—D. Cupid. Barchetta. Op. 1003.



CALLED.

He: "Darling, I dream of you every night; such joyous, happy dreams, that I cannot bear to wake and——" *Hall Boy:* "Mistah Smiff, whad time yo' want to be called in de mawnin'?" *He:* "Half-past three, sharp! I'm going fishing."

Digitized by Google



Actor: "In this duel scene, who gets the worst of it?" *Stage Manager:* "The audience."



TRUE HOME CHARITY.

Wife: "Charity begins at home, you know!" *Husband:* "Then I wish you'd cast your bread upon the waters, Mary!"

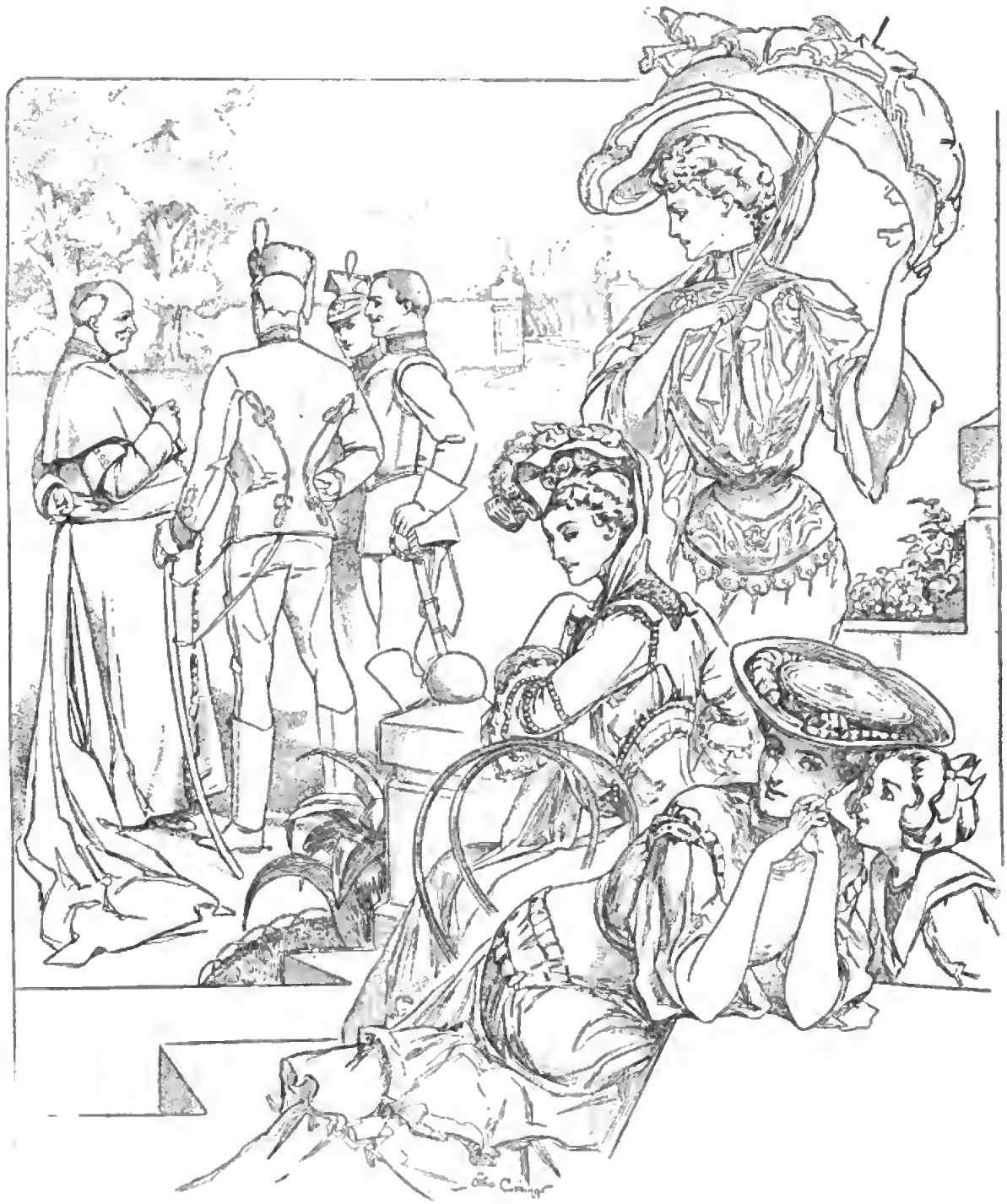
Digitized by Google



IN THE WOODS.

"I couldn't find any wild flowers, Miss Jane, but I have a peculiar lichen for you." "Oh, Willie, this is so sudden!"

Digitized by Google



MONSTROUS

"You must not let those officers turn my little girl's head." "Well, they *have*, completely! One of them told me he belonged to a company of queer asses, another is a dragon, and that old man is a chambermaid to the pope."

Digitized by Google

RACHEL'S RIVAL.

"SIT down, sir!" The tone of Rachel held a highly unpleasant hint of something to come. "Now, what does this mean?"

"What does what?"——I began with more defiance than euphony, and paused for a better start. "Anything wrong?" was my feeble finish, as I perched uncomfortably on the piano stool, which wailed.

"Wrong!" her face flamed. "I have found you out in time, thank heaven! Bradford, you wrote this letter. Do not deny it. Of all the insipid gush I ever read! It would shame a schoolboy. And you—well, we will soon settle our relation. Who is 'Mittie'?"

To be truthful, I did not love Rachel with the devotion of six weeks ago, when, under the pressure of several opinions, notably her own, as a leader, I had advanced a matrimonial proposition which had been promptly clutched. I was fairly shoved into it, and, once off my balance, took it for granted that I should love Rachel very dearly. She was undeniably handsome, brilliant, and athletic. Her family and fortune suited mine exactly. Every one was immensely pleased.

But six weeks of it—dear me! I found my protesting soul writhing at the thought of what six years would bring. You see, Rachel prided herself on her spirit. I presume it was exceptional. She kept me on the verge of either refrigeration or cremation. She either blew hot or cold. She blew, anyway. My peace-loving nature thrives best in an even temperature. I didn't get it with Rachel. I have passed happier days.

Now, I was sitting on the piano stool, awaiting developments, conscious of my treachery and falsity of heart. No wonder I wore a look of guilt. I had written the letter. My reply was diplomatic, and preceded by a smile of propitiation. Rachel's head gave a warlike toss.

"My dear," I remarked, gently, "if an innocent note intended for another has accidently fallen into your hands, will it not be best to hand it to me and forget all about it? Surely, as your affianced lover, you would not dream——"

I thought this sounded very well, but Rachel didn't. Her interruption was torrid.

"Innocent note?" she snorted. "It is a reek of disloyalty—a dishonourable mush of addled sentiment. And you, sir, have the effrontery to request me to overlook it. See here!" (She read scornfully): "'My sweet little girl.' Bah! 'Oceans of love! Your



"NOW, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" SAID RACHEL.

adoring Brad.' It is simply disgraceful. 'My affianced lover,' indeed! Insult upon injury! Answer my question, and here is your ring——"

"But, Rachel," I pleaded, trying to keep the joy from my voice, "what will people say?"

"What will people say?" She was superb. "Oh, you are intolerable."

"Can you throw me off like this?" I groaned, wondering what that little wretch of a Mittie would do to me when I told her.

"Easily," returned Rachel, her eyes snapping. "Thankfully, I might say. No, I will not listen to you. The letter written to me and sent this creature you must procure at once. I can only hope it may cause you trouble in her direction. There!" She flung the note at me, tore the diamond from her finger, tossed it into my half-outstretched hand, and rose, pointing to the door. "Go!" she said. "I am sorry, but we will not prolong this interview. Upon the whole, I think I do not care to know anything about the woman. I have been sadly mistaken regarding your character, Bradford. Permit me to say, however, as some extenuation for my lack of perspicuity, that I have never credited you with unusual intelligence."

"I can still explain this satisfactorily!" I cried, sliding off my perch; "but if your complimentary opinion is to hold, perhaps further efforts will be useless. Am I to understand that our engagement is terminated, and there can be no reconciliation?"

"Precisely!" responded Rachel, without the slightest suspicion of a regretful tear.

"Very well!" I said, smarting a bit under her unreasonable obstinacy, for things might have come out differently. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" snapped Rachel, and sneered.

That night she received her photograph, a few unsentimental notes she had favoured me with, and the following scrawl:

Dear Miss Bangs,—Miss Mittie Reynolds, aged eight, the daughter of my old college chum, thanks you for returning her letter, and begs to hand you herewith the missive she received in its place, which, as will be seen, is not of a character to excite criticism, being merely an informal invitation to accompany me to the theatre on Thursday evening. The pleasure of your acceptance, I assume, is not to be hoped for.

Signing this with a chuckle, I wondered if Rachel would believe me possessed of sufficient brains to have purposely misdirected the envelopes, and how she would enjoy reading my explanation.

I am still wondering.

Digitized by Google



THE LURE.

IN these features I can read
All of Summer's book indeed—
Tennis, love games, every time!
Golf, with Cadbie Cupid by
Saying tender things in rhyme,
Ever plausible and sly.

In these features I can trace
Summer's gladsomeness and grace—
Hung above my office shelf,
'Tis Myrilla looking down;
Summer!—'Tis the maid herself
Calls me, so good-bye to town!

In these features I can see
All of Summer's joys for me—
Roses in her cheeks and lips;
In her eyes the morning fair;
In her brow the noon that slips
Into beauty through her hair.

In these features I can find
Summer gifts of every kind—
Round her mouth a perfume sweet;
Through her golden locks above,
Scented whispers that repeat
Happy hints of hidden love.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



STOLEN SWEETS.



SUSPECTED FRAUD.

"Why, those are genuine antiques!" "Are they? They look to me like second-hand stuff."



"Aunt Amy." "Yes, Ethel." "What is a confession?" "Gossiping about yourself, my dear."

Digitized by Google



ONE OF THE SIGNS.

Belle: "She's older than she looks." *Claire:* "How do you know?" *Belle:* "She paid more attention to her dinner than to that good-looking man who took her in."

Digitized by Google



CAUSE FOR REGRET

Newrich: "Have you heard Boobleby boast that one of his ancestors was beheaded on Tower Hill?" *Grimshaw:* "Yes; pity it didn't run in the family."



HOW IT LOOKED.

"That Mr. Gailey must be very poor." "Why?" "I asked him how he made his money, and he said he earned it."

Digitized by Google



THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Frank: "Ferdy over there is an extravagant boy. He ordered ten new suits to-day." *Frances:* "Gracious! Can he afford them?" *Frank:* "No; if he could, he'd wear his old ones."

Digitized by Google



"... one brief, blissful minute."

THE KISS.

WE were walking home together
Through the fragrant fields of June,
In the sweet, enchanted weather
When the earth is all in tune;
Secrets in our hearts, unspoken!
Over us the blue unbroken
Save where, like a lover's token,
Hung the slender, crescent moon.

Love and Hope were mine to guide me
In the scented atmosphere,
And, with Beauty close beside me,
Paradise itself was near.
Love was in the air—I knew it:
Leaves they lisped it; breezes blew it;
And upon the grass in dew it
Mingled in the moonlight clear.

White she was—a moonlit lily
Were not lovelier to see
In its garden boudoir stilly!
Fairer than a flower was she!
Music was her voice: her laughter
Sped, as 'twere a lyric shaft her
Lips let go, and Echo after
Followed us with melody. *(Continued.*

Digitized by Google



THE RIGHT SORT.

Mae: "What, is your ideal of a man?" *Ethel:* "One who is clever enough to make money and foolish enough to spend it freely."

THE KISS—(*Continued*)

Echo followed—so did Cupid—
Whispering along the way;
I could hear them murmur: "*Stupid*
Why not kiss her when you may?
Why not tell her in the twilight,
While the stars and moon on high light
All the world with love's own sky light?"
"*Hear,*" my heart said, "*and obey!*"

So I took my heart's suggestion,
And when next I heard a sigh,
All of love went in a question,
And returned in her reply.
Then came one brief, blissful minute
With a first kiss tangled in it.
Think what luck it was to win it,
With a horseshoe in the sky!



STILL UNSATISFIED.

Edith: "I told papa that if he would prove to my satisfaction that the stories against Ferdy were true I would give him up." *Ethel:* "And did he do it?" *Edith:* "No. He simply proved them to be true."



Miss Dauber: "What a miserable daub that is of Potboiler's!" *Mr. Mahlstick* (*sneeringly*): "Yes; hanging is too good for it."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

THE SUSCEPTIBLE ROC

Digitized by Google



K.—Even Nature Responds.

Digitized by Google



Ethel: "I understand you lent Frank two hundred pounds?" *Jerrold:* "Yes." *Ethel:* "And does he now dodge you in the street?" *Jerrold:* "No; I dodge him! He bought a motor-car with it."



"Dudeley has water on the brain."
"Has he? Poor fellow?"
"Yes. He just told me he had an ocean in his head."

Digitized by Google



DEVOTED.

He: "They seem quite inseparable." *She:* "Well, it does look as though nothing would separate them but matrimony."



DIFFERENT.

SOME say that clothes will make the man,
I hope that they will make me;
But from my wife's dressmaker's bills
I fear that they will break me.



A CHANGE LIKELY.

"She is lucky in marrying a man who doesn't drink." "Oh, well, she'll cure him of that."

Digitized by Google



Paolo (as account joins on his wedding trip): "Cheer up, Francesca mia. Thou see'st we are not the only couple condemned to wander through space"



HER REASON.

Edith: "Why did you refuse him?" *Ethel:* "He has a past." *Edith:* "But he can blot it out." *Ethel:* "Perhaps; but he can't use me for a blotter."

Digitized by Google



He: "Of course, some people can talk on all subjects."
She: "Yes. And others can't, but they do!"



A COMMON DISTINCTION.

Birdie Coruss: "Some day I hope to be billed as the acknowledged queen of comic opera!" *Hamington Fat:* "I should think you might. Lots of singers are."



THE LATEST FAD.

Miss Forkham (of Chicago): "You are becoming all the rage in Chicago, monsieu." *M. D'Auberville:* "Ah, you t'ink so?"
Miss Forkham: "Oh, yes. Why, only this morning papa remarked that as a draw for a crowd you beat a guessing tea out of sight."

Digitized by Google



She: "Do you love me as much when you are away from me?"
He (fervently): "I love you more, darling."
She (sighing): "I wish I could be with you then."

Digitized by Google



SAME RESULTS.

She: "Who is that man with the automobile face?"
He: "Blinkers." *She:* "Chauffeur?" *He:* "No; twins."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

FOOLED

Digitized by Google



AGAIN.

Digitized by Google



Feminine Purchaser: "Is this dog particular about what he eats?"
Dog Dealer: "Not a bit, mum. He wus formerly owned by a young couple that thought two could live as cheaply as one!"

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL COMEDY

THE HUMOROUS PHASES OF LIFE DEPICTED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

(*The Illustrations in* "PICTORIAL COMEDY" *are the property and Copyright of James Henderson & Sons.*)



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Adoring Bride: "Jack, darling, is this Wednesday or Thursday?" *Doting Groom:* "I think it's Friday, dearest!" "Of this week?"

Digitized by Google



THE MUSE AND PEGASUS.

WHEN in her jaunty habit goes
Myrtilla for a canter,
My thoughts forsake the ways of prose
And run to rhyme instanter.

Beholding her, how could there be,
A surer inspiration?
And are not Pegasus and she
The proper combination?

Her pony in my fancy seems
A winged beast, whose pinions
In safety bears my Dream of dreams
Across Love's wide dominions.

The slender quill wherewith I write,
Transformed becomes a feather
From Pegasus, and so delight
And dream are mine together.

Line upon line, the rhythmic pace
Is what Myrtilla makes it:
The song is hers whose perfect grace
To melody awakes it.

Hers be it evermore to choose
A lyric or an idyll;
And mine be it to love my muse,
And Pegasus her bridle!



"FOR EVER!"

Digitized by Google



IN THE COUNTRY.

Gabberley: "Since I bought my place here, the property in the neighbourhood has depreciated terribly." *She:* "That's only natural."

Digitized by Google

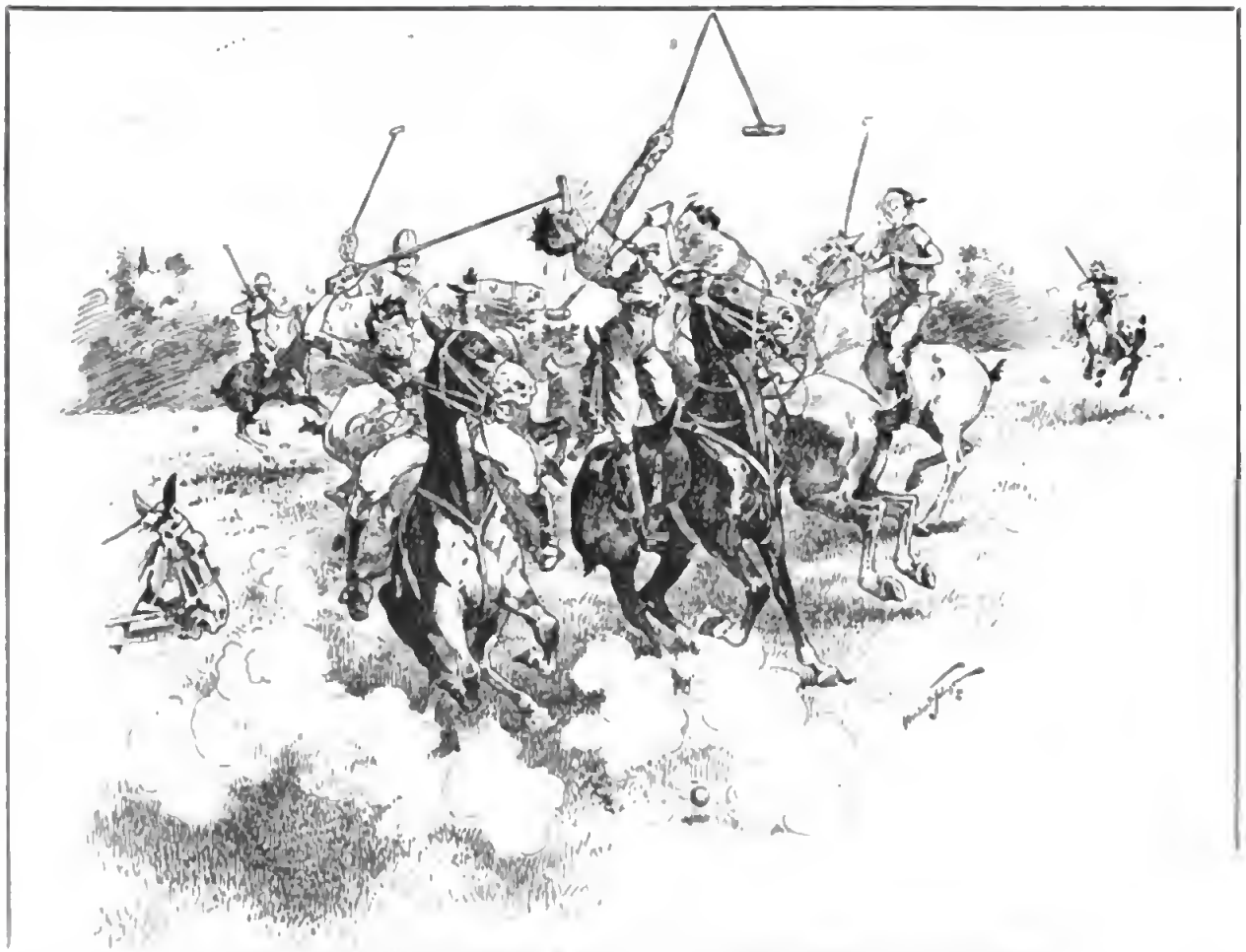


"Mr. Wilks is a great friend of yours, isn't he, Bertie?" "Can't say. I haven't had to borrow money from him since I knew him."



THE REAL QUESTION.

She: "Now, the question is, where shall we elope to?" *He:* "Oh, no. The question is, where shall we come back to?"



ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTIONS IN POLO.—THE NEAR SIDE BACK-HANDER.

"This stroke is a most valuable and graceful accomplishment, and when properly performed seldom fails to create a good impression."—*Badminton Library.*

Digitized by Google



A LOVE SONG.

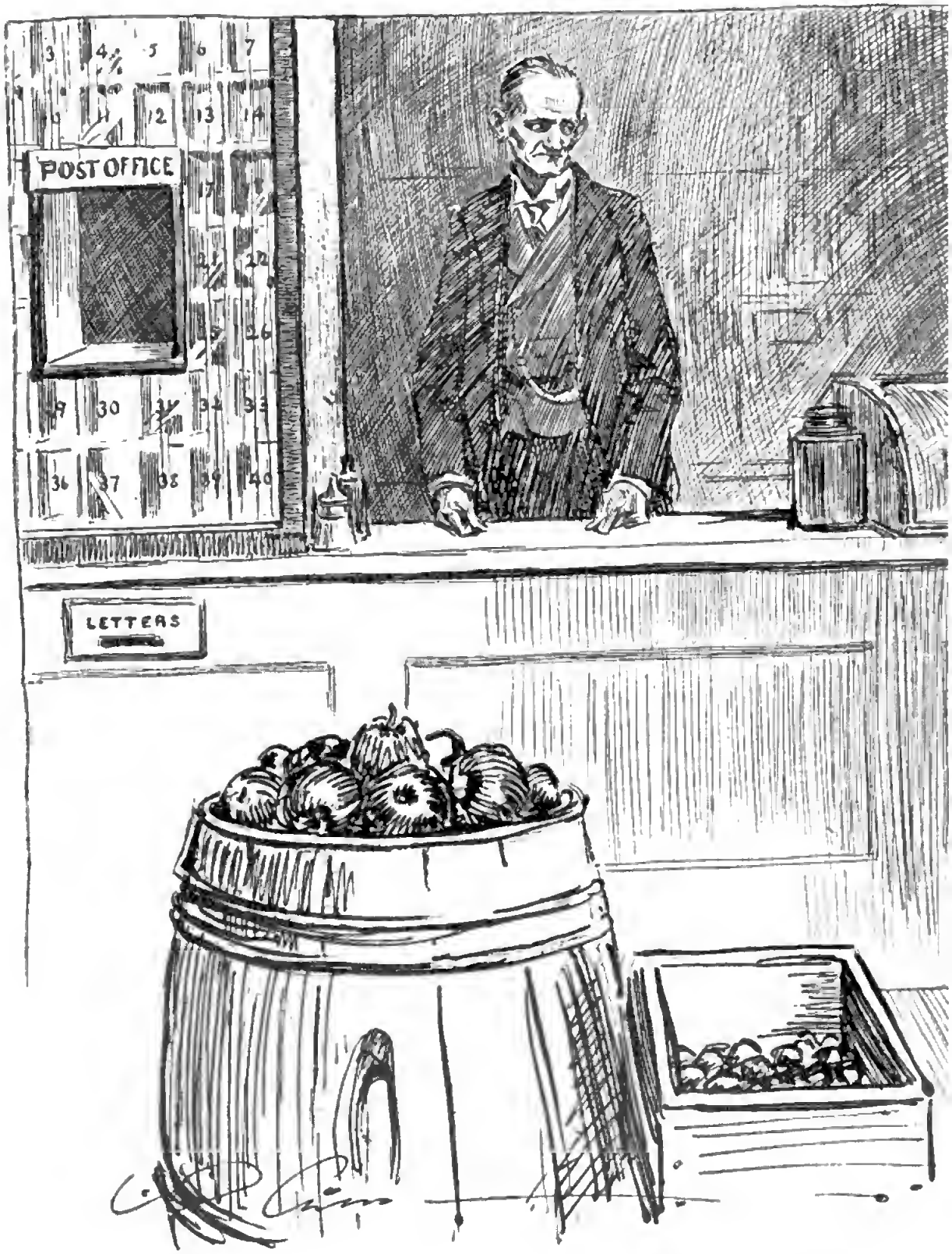
BY day thou art the shadow blest
That haunts the garden close
Wherein it is my joy to rest—
A neighbour to a rose.

All silvery upon the breeze
It is thy voice I hear,
Above the drowsy hum of bees
Divinely sweet and clear.

By night thou art the first glad star
In the blue sky to leap—
Love's beacon glimmering afar
Along the shore of sleep.

Shadow and song and star thou art,
My dream by day and night,
Companioning a lover's heart
With love and love's delight!

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

NO LE

It isn't always the Gi

Digitized by Google

omedy.



TTER.

who is Thoughtless.



A WISH.



Barnstormes: "I played to crowded houses all last season."

The Ingenue: "I saw you once, and there were just two people in the house besides me.'

Barnstormes: "Oh, well two's company and three's a crowd, you know.'



A CONTINUED STORY.

Digitized by Google



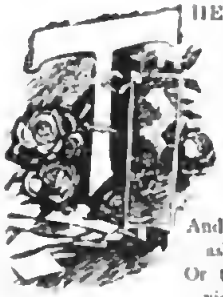
VERY DEEP.

"So that quiet chap is in love with Dolly? Well, they say still waters run deep." "Oh, yes, she's got into him deeper than any man she ever met."



Digitized by Google

WHEN PHŒBE COMES TO TOWN.



THE sunny air grows strangely sweet,
As if her dainty little feet
Were crushing blossoms thrown to greet
Her steps as she trips down;
And other maidens look askance,
Or turn away with envious glance,
And try their own charms to enhance,
When Phœbe comes to town.

Her black hat, made of something thin,
I vow, tempts all the sunshine in
To touch her hair and lips and chin;
Her eyes of saucy brown
With merry challenge seem to dare
The men to follow everywhere—
They act like fools . . . I do declare,
When Phœbe comes to town.

But as for me—ah, well-a-day—
In these hard times, I know I may
Be thankful I don't have to pay
The price of her new gown:
For though the modern stuffs be high,
Such yards and yards as she will buy,
And thick and fast the shekels fly—
When Phœbe comes to town.



John Cecil Clay
1903



BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Vivian: "Do you like her new hat?" *Viola:* "No; it's perfectly lovely!"

Digitized by Google

A Matrimonial Lesson.

"MRS. CAPERTON confided to me this morning that she had had some trouble with her husband," said Mrs. Blumer.

"That's not surprising," said Blumer; "and I presume it is an old story with them. They don't quite understand each other. He deceives her in his way, and she deceives him in her way."

Blumer got up and paced the floor nervously. The subject appealed to him.

"Two people cannot make their married life a success," he continued, "unless they tell each other the truth—the absolute truth."

Mrs. Blumer sighed.

"I suppose that *is* so," she said. "Why, it would be perfectly ideal, wouldn't it, to share every thought together?"

"It not only would be ideal," said Blumer, "but it strikes me as extremely practical. What more easy in our case? I'll tell you every thought I have, without reserve, and you do the same to me."

Mrs. Blumer clapped her hands in glee, like a child, so happy was the thought.

"When shall we begin?" she cried.

"Now," said Blumer. "That is, to-morrow morning."

Blumer was going out that evening, so he wanted twelve hours' leeway.

At the usual hour the next morning Blumer descended to the breakfast table. His wife was before him.

"You haven't forgotten our agreement?" she said, smilingly.

"No, indeed," replied Blumer. "I'm full of it. I'm going to begin at once. Do you know, I never liked that morning wrapper you wear. It isn't anything in the way of decent apparel. It's neither a gown nor a robe."

"I knew you didn't like it," said Mrs Blumer; "and to tell you the honest truth, I don't like it myself. But the only reason I have worn it at all is because I didn't feel that you could afford to get just what I wanted."

"How much will it cost?"

"Well, I saw a morning house-gown the other day for five guineas that is just what I want."

"You are right. That is too much."

"But I'm going to get it, anyway. It's really more important that I should look well before you than it is to keep out of debt."

Blumer set down his paper and stared at his wife.

"You can't have a very good opinion of me as a man," he observed drily, "if you think that I prefer financial dishonour to simplicity of dress in my wife."

Mrs. Blumer looked at him sadly, but truthfully.

"I haven't a good opinion of you in this respect," she replied, distinctly.



"WHEN SHALL WE BEGIN?" SAID MRS. BLUMER.

"You have, of course, many admirable qualities, but you are much the same as the ordinary run of men. As long as I dress well and look pretty, you will work for me like a slave, and while you may grumble you'll be secretly proud of me. Every man likes his wife to make a good show. It is really safer for her to run him into debt and do this than to save his money and be dowdy."

Blumer, true to his bargain, nodded his head in acquiescence.

"That's true," he said, "up to a certain point, but only up to a certain point. You have fully decided, have you, to get that gown?"

"Yes; I shall get it this morning."

"Good! It will cost me a fiver, but in this instance it may be a good investment. I shall be glad to see you in something fresh at the breakfast-table."

Mrs. Blumer coloured slightly, but kept her temper.

"You would probably see more of me," she said, "if you didn't sit there most of the time and read that horrid paper. It's a bad habit, that."

Blumer was silent a moment. This new process required more thought than usual.

"I don't know that it is," he said. "There is practically nothing that you could say to me at this hour of the day which would interest me as much as this paper. Now, this may seem a little selfish on my part; but, on the other hand, it is a habit with me, and you on your part have habits that I might criticise. For instance, you drag me out on the average twice a week to some social affair, just because the social world is, to this extent at least, a habit with you. And you do this, knowing that I hate it, and knowing that I would be a great deal better off in bed. My newspaper reading seems innocent enough compared with that."

"You may not know it," said Mrs. Blumer, "but this little social life that you say I drag you into is really your salvation. Why, you would lapse into a veritable bear if

Digitized by Google

AFTER READING A POPULAR NOVEL.

NOTE.—Any one supplying the correct answers to these questions will be given a trip to the North Pole.

WHY did the little town nestle among the hills?

Why did she feel a mantling blush steal over her cheeks?

How did it happen that a strange sense of unrest swept over him?

What was it that she swept out of the room?

Why did she never look more strangely beautiful than upon that evening?

What made him flick the ashes from his cigarette?

How long did her heart stand still?

Who deserted the ball room, and why?

Why did it seem to her as if all the light had gone out of her young life?

What made the house stiller than death that night?

When confronted by the lawyers, why was he visibly affected?

Why was she the life of the whole gathering when her heart told her that all was lost?

Why did the dog look up at that moment and wag his tail, as if he, too, understood her?

What choked his utterance?

What made her look back on that day all the rest of her life?

Why was there a long pause?

Why were her hands so nerveless when she let the telegram drop?

What made her suspect that he had been drinking?

Why did he clutch the photograph so wildly?

What made her feel intuitively?

Why did his voice have a ring of triumph as he spoke?

Whose arm was she on as she went up the aisle?

And why was her face, though pale, so radiantly beautiful?

And why did the organ peal?

you didn't go out occasionally. Besides, I notice you are always ready to sit up at any hour of the night when there is a card party on."

Blumer winced slightly.

"I am bound to admit," he replied, "that you are right about that. But to be more candid with you, I must say that I am just as well satisfied with my own manners, as I control them myself, as I am with the manners of society which you seem to wish me to be an expert in. For instance, the other day you smiled and smirked at Mrs. Placer for an hour, and gave her the impression that you loved her ardently, when I know that there is scarcely an object in the world you dislike more than that same Mrs. Placer. What you term good manners is merely nothing but a species of polite hypocrisy."

The tears came to Mrs. Blumer's eyes—not at her husband's last remark, but the other cruel things he had said, in spite of her resolution, had just begun to strike in.

"I don't care," she sobbed, as her husband gazed at her uneasily. "The world couldn't live without it—and you know it!"

Blumer threw down his paper, which rustled satirically underneath his feet as he sprang forward and clasped his wife's hands.

"You are right," he cried; "not only the world, but all the husbands and wives couldn't live without it. My dear, I want you to make me a promise."

"What is it?"

"Promise me that you will go on and deceive me hereafter, and I will do the same, just as we have done before."

Mrs. Blumer smiled through her tears.

"I promise," she said.



Bob: "What's the matter with Millicent? She's looking sad about something."
Marian: "Oh, it's either because she's broken off her engagement with Frank, or can't afford any more chocolate creams until she gets her next allowance."

Digitized by Google



STUDIES IN

Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

While an Old Gentleman Listens to

Digitized by Google



EXPRESSION.

some of his Son's Fellow Students.

Digitized by Google



A VARIATION.

"She will marry the count, but she wishes to omit the word 'obey' in the marriage service."

"Indeed? Perhaps she'll promise to love, honour, and support him."



BEWITCHED.

UPON my desk your picture smiles
So pleasantly to-day.
I hate to think how many miles,
Sweetheart, you are away.
The mercury keeps going up,
The market going down;
And mine is a most bitter cup,
With you so far from town.

So calm, contented, and so cool
You look this morning, Sweet
I own myself a very fool
To stay here in the heat.
Companion of the Bull and Bear
And of the frisky Lamb;
I might be with you now, I swear—
You must forgive the d—n.

Above that shoulder I can see
A fortune to be won,—
A dream of wealth that follows me
And never shall be done
Until—until to-morrow, when
My eyes behold these charms—
My lips against your own again,
And you within my arms!



Digitized by Google



SERENATA.—D. Cupid. · Op. 1010.

Digitized by Google



A GOOD POINT.

"Do you think a college education is of any benefit to a man in a business career?" "Well, yes; if he fails he can blame it on to his college education."



Digitized by Google



THE NAUGHTICAL GIRL.

SHE steers a fleet of courtships,
Each year with such precision,
That she never yet was known, they say,
To suffer a collision.



THE REAL THING.

"Are your new neighbours all right socially?" "Oh, yes. They have six motors, ten bull-dogs, and one child."



HOW IT LOOKED.

"Is he a confirmed bachelor?" "Yes; he refers to matrimonial bonds as indigestible securities."

Digitized by Google



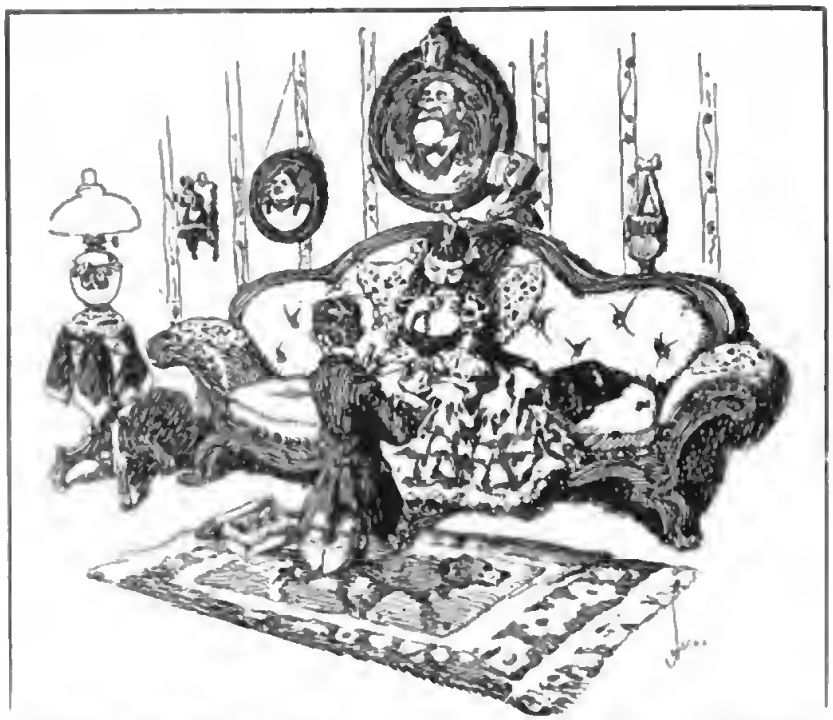
OFTEN SO.

Ethel: "So what you say is true, Edith, that Gladys got married to suit herself?" *Edith:* "Yes, but didn't."

Digitized by Google



A wall-paper design specially recommended for chambers in private houses devoted to nervous guests whose return is not desired.



Amanda: "Oh, this is so sudden!" *Joseph:* "Sudden?" *Amanda:* "Yes, sudden. Why, I don't believe ma's even had time to get her eye to the keyhole yet."



INOPPORTUNE.

"There are just as good fish in the sea, my dear." "It's no use telling me that, mamma! I'm sure I'm in no humour to go fishing!"

Digitized by Google



PALM

Drawn by R. M. CROSBY.

"You are in love with a dark-haired young man,

Digitized by Google



STRY.

but are going to marry an older man with riches."

Digitized by Google



She (reproachfully): "Before we were married you used to say you couldn't live without me."
He: "A man never knows what he can do till he tries."

Digitized by Google



THE LATEST.

Tom: "Jerrold's just had a new attachment put on his touring-car." *Tessie:* "That so? What is it for?" *Tom:* "Debt."



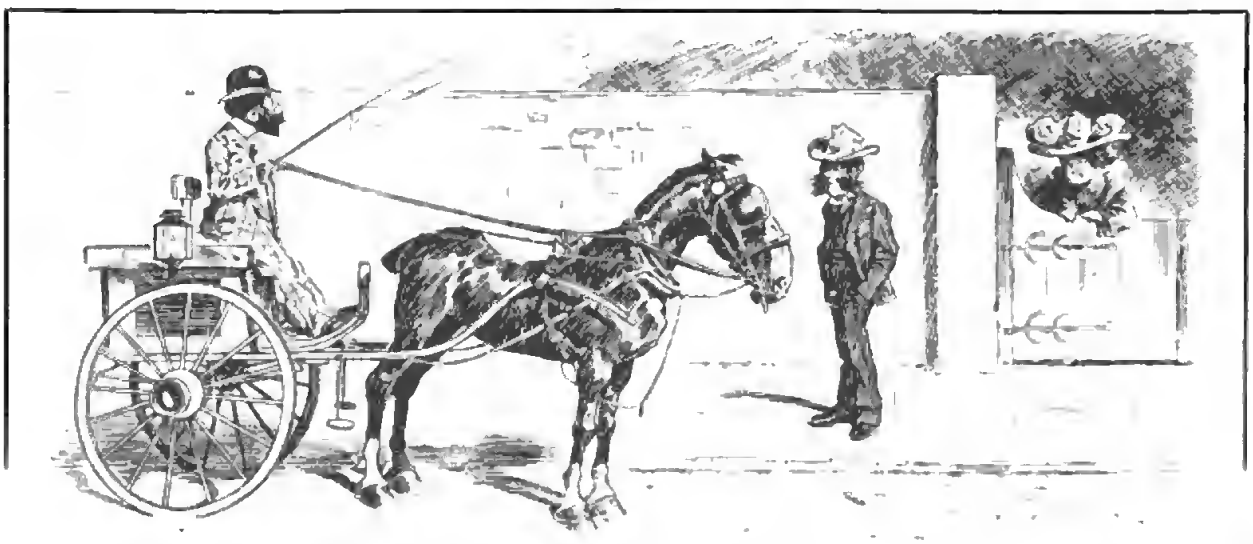
A TOUCHING APPEAL.

The Inspector: "But, madam, this ought to pay duty." *The Novice:* "Well, you see, I'm so inexperienced in these matters. Can't you tell me how to get it through?"

Digitized by Google



NO ESCAPE.—Behind every Rock.



"Old Hammerson says this horse he wants to sell me is sound, gentle, and kind, and won't kick." "I'd be suspicious of him if I were you, old man." "Why?" "Well, you know, I married his daughter."

Digitized by Google



She: "I am afraid I cannot marry you, dearest."
His Lordship: "Oh, why not?"
She: "Papa would never forgive me for being so extravagant."

Digitized by Google



TO FACILITATE MATTERS

Papa: "A young man should always be the architect of his own fortune."
The Fiancé: "Why, of course! but I hope you won't refuse to accommodate George with a building loan."



TURN ABOUT.

"You've kept the audience waiting, Miss Footlights." "Oh, let them wait! I've had to wait long enough for a chance to keep them waiting!"



(In the background.) "Money talks, you know." "Yes, I know. I married money."

Digitized by Google



NO DIVINATION NEEDED.

He: "The astrologer described you exactly, and said you would refuse me the first time I proposed." *She:* "Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him? I could have told you the same thing myself if you had asked me."



CUPID'S KITCHEN.—The way to the Heart of a Man.

Digitized by Google







AMERICAN F

Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

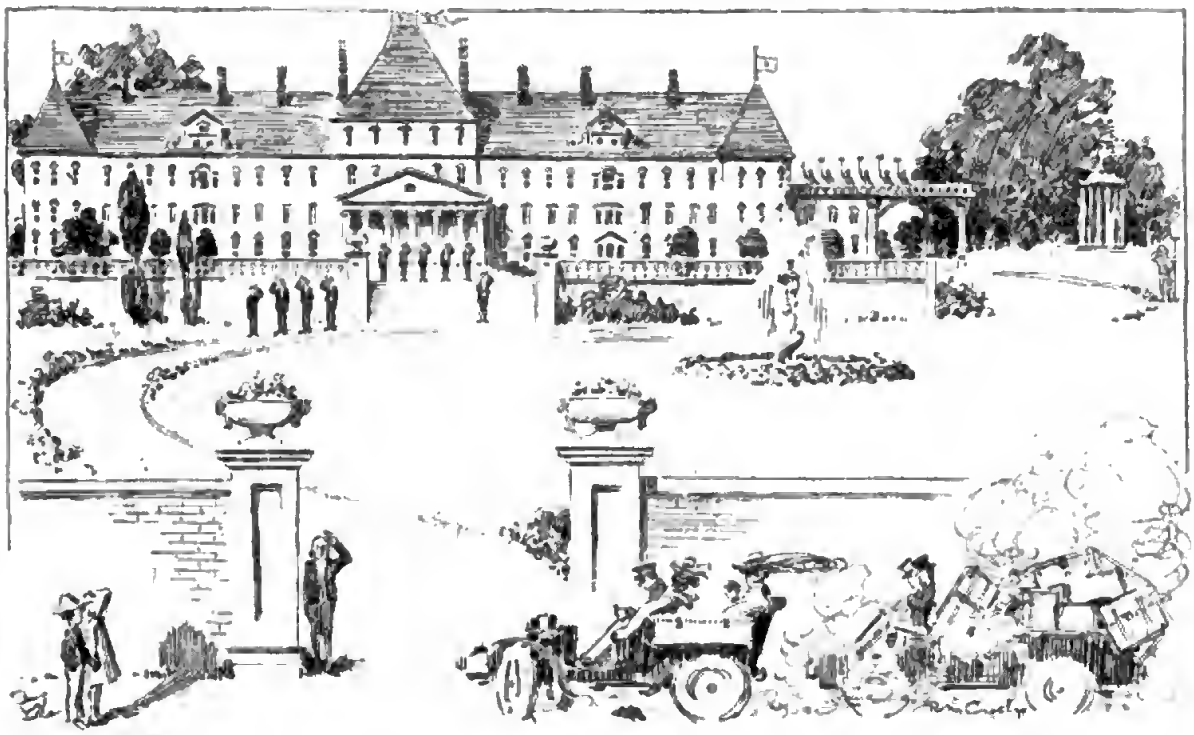
Digitized by Google



)OTBALL.

Digitized by Google

THE AMERICAN SOCIAL REGISTER.



Metropolitan Daily Society Note: "The Bullifat Inkums have gone to their country cottage for a few days."



The Hiramville News: "State Senator Jones and family, of Jones's Corners, have been enjoying a rest at the Senator's palatial country residence on the hill."

PICTORIAL COMEDY

THE HUMOROUS PHASES OF LIFE DEPICTED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

(*The Illustrations in "Pictorial Comedy" are the property and Copyright of James Henderson & Sons.*)



A COLLEGE ROSE.

A CANDIDATE for college,
Behold her here and see
The pretty hive where Knowledge,
Is soon to play the bee;

She will not let the fetters,
Of Science spoil her sport;
Philosophy and Letters
Will doubtless be her forte.

She has no care for Cupid,
So far as may be seen;
She speaks of love as *stupid*,
And she is—seventeen.

Digitized by Google



"Oh, you're not such a desirable party. Very few nice girls would marry you."
"Very few would be enough."



"Going down for the third time."

Digitized by Google



STILL GRIEVING.

"So she has lost her husband? Has she recovered from her grief yet?" "Not yet. You know how slow those insurance companies are in settling."

Digitized by Google



HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Yes; he disregarded the doctor's orders, and is now in the hospital." "Is, eh?" "Yes; the doctor told him to take things easily, and the fool took a holiday."



She: "Ah, there are Mr. Spooner and Miss Brassey. They seem quite interested in the game." *The Caddie:* "Yes, miss. That's because you're looking at them."



"Are your daughter's singing lessons worth the price you are paying for them?" "Yes. Why, I've just bought the house next door for eight hundred pounds. A month ago the owner wanted a thousand for it!"

Digitized by Google



THE BEST REMEDY.

He: "But if a man won't take 'no' for an answer?" *She:* "Then there is only one thing the girl can do—say 'yes' to some one else."

Digitized by Google



STUDIES I

The Chorus Gi

Drawn by C. D. GIBSON

Digitized by Google

l **Comedy.**



l **EXPRESSION.**

l **Visits Her Home.**

Digitized by Google



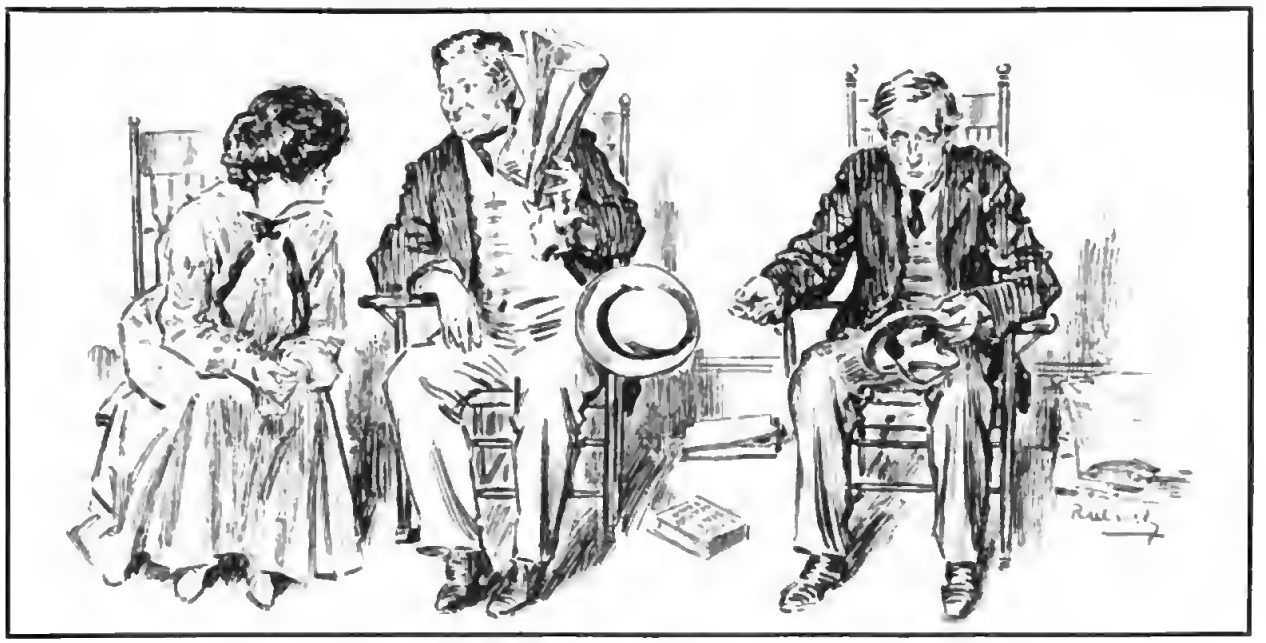
The rectification of the orbits of asteroids that cross the path of the Interplanetary Transportation Company's airships.

Digitized by Google



THE VITAL REASON.

"People say you only married me because I had money." "Nonsense! My principal reason for marrying you was because I had none!"



CHRONIC.

"What was old Thomson grumbling to you about? His health, as usual?" "Yes. He complained that he was feeling somewhat better."

Digitized by Google

My Sweetheart Of Seven.



Of all the sweet girls that sit on my knees
I think that I best love little Louise.
And why, I don't know, unless it be
That I think my little Louise loves me.
And this is the reason, as all of us know,
A little lamb once loved Mary so.
And the reason—the tale makes it perfectly plain—
The lamb was so loved by Miss Mary De Laine;
Though I sometimes think, now I'm old and wise,
That the lamb pulled the wool over Mary's eyes;
And I'd give—well, a kiss, could I divine
Whether this little lamb pulls the wool over mine.



THE NEW MAID.

"Here's another card, miss, and there's no use *my* answering the bell—they all ask for *you*."

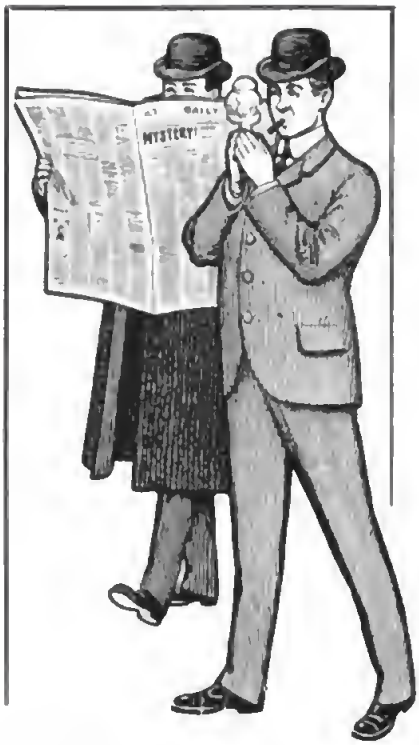
EXPECTED AND UNEXPECTED.

OFT have I called upon that maid,
And when she came to welcome me
Precise was every curl and braid,
Far too conventional was she.
Each ribbon bow was in its place,
Her speech punctilious as could be,
Like tinted marble was her face—
You see, she was expecting me.



But one wild night I braved my way
Through pelting sleet and stinging squall,
"Oh, my! 'tis he," I heard her say;
"I never thought he'd come at all."
I saw her then in boudoir dress,
Her raven hair was wild and free,
Oh, such delicious carelessness—
For she was was not expecting me!

Digitized by Google



Jasper: "Hello, young Scadsby is going into business. He has money enough; why doesn't he keep out and give others a chance?"

Jardine: "But it is by going into business that rich young men like him give smart young men a chance to make money."



THE WRETCH.

"They say her husband hasn't given her a thing since he married her." "No; he won't even give her grounds for divorce."



DOUBLY HARD.

The Little Girl: "What a funny looking two-headed giant!" *The Little Boy:* "Isn't he? I'll bet he hated to have his hair combed."

Digitized by Google



"You do not inject enough contempt, spite, and venom into that word." "I can do no better."
"Nonsense! Speak it just as you say 'Plush' when you meet a rival in a sealskin sacque."



Mother: "I hope that young man never kisses you by surprise?" *Daughter:* "No, mamma; he only thinks he does."

Digitized by Google



I ASKED for a kiss and a cup of tea,
She looked at me quite roguishly
And said—how can I quite forget?—
"I fear the *tea's* not ready yet."



A POOR BARGAINER.

Ethel: "I offered Ferdy a penny for his thoughts." *Edith:* "Well, I'll never let you do any shopping for me."



Gladys: "Ethel tells me you are engaged to her." *Cholly:* "Why, she promised to keep it a secret." *Gladys:* "Well, I suppose she thinks the joke is too good to keep!"

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

STUDIES IN EXPRESSIO

Digitized by Google



l.—At a Fashionable Funeral.

Digitized by Google

THE FOUR SEASONS.



THE MEETING.

WINTER, and the wizard weather
Laid upon the world a spell,
When Time brought us first together,
And Love whispered: "It is well."
Princess you, and, as a prince, I
Met you smiling, sweet and fair;
Joy has been my portion since I
Found you there.

Winter, and the white snow sifted
From the sombre skies above,
Yet, with flaming torch uplifted,
Came to us the god of Love;
Of the storm and bluster heedless
Cupid travelled, fond and fain,
And he found us, it is needless
To explain.

Winter, and the world about us
Was a miracle in white,
But it got along without us
For an hour or so that night;
I forgot the bitter season
In the sweetness, fresh and new;
Sweetheart, would you know the reason?
It was you! (*Continued on next page.*)

Evil Omens.

THE scene was one of extraordinary interest. Featherston had just sat down amid tumultuous hand-clapping and knife-rapping, after assuring the company that the present moment was the proudest and the happiest of his life, and that words failed him adequately to describe the emotions with which—er—with which he—er—in fact to describe his emotions. The one-hour-old Mrs. Featherston had cut the cake, and now the ladies were looking at their little slices apparently in a tremor of excitement.

Duffie was sitting next to little Miss Allyn. He usually sat next to little Miss Allyn when he got a chance. Several people had noticed that, and it is possible that the young woman herself had. He was thinking just then how distractingly pretty she was, when a sense that something was happening or going to happen aroused him from his reverie.

"Well, why don't you tackle it?" he said, referriog to the cake. "It strikes

Digitized by Google

me as just the thing to eat after lobster mayonnaise and chocolate ice.

"Hush!" she said. "I want to see who gets it."

"Gets what?"

"The ring."

"I thought Mrs. Featherston had got it. Featherston didn't make any mistake, did he!"

"Don't be stupid. I mean the ring in the cake. There's a ring and a thimble and a threepenny-bit. Are you superstitious?"

"Slavishly. I passed under a ladder on my way to the church. It was just outside the door when I started. They were painting the porch, and had left it standing for the accommodation of burglars all night. I was thinking of the momentous occasion and of things in general, and I deliberately walked under it. Some great misfortune is going to happen. I'm trying to be gay, but that ladder weighs on me."

"I should think it would," said the young woman sympathetically. "I wouldn't have a moment's peace. There! Cora Muir has got the ring. I'm not going to wait any longer now."

She broke the cake, and something bright rolled on the floor with a jingle.

"What was it?" asked Duffie, as he stooped. "The threepenny-bit?"

Miss Allyn sighed heavily.

"It's the thimble," she announced to the company; and a chorus of commiseration answered her.

"But I don't quite understand," said Duffie, later on, after the bride and groom had departed. "I know that the old shoes and rice will inevitably bring the Featherstons good luck and happiness, and I've heard of the ring business, and believe in it devoutly, but what does the coin and the thimble mean?"

"The coin brings wealth to the one that gets it," explained Miss Allyn.

"And the thimble?"

"If a girl gets a thimble it means she will die an old maid."

"That's serious," said Duffie, after a pause. "That means—it's the ladder."

"The ladder?"

"Yes. I—well, I don't know. I meant to say something else. You don't believe in these signs yourself, do you?"

"Indeed I do."

"You believe, then, that you will never marry?"

"I'm absolutely certain of it—after that."



THE COURTSHIP.

SPRING was made for lovers;
Then it is the heart
Suddenly discovers,
With a happy start,
Something in its beat that
Never was before,
Seeming to repeat that
Love is at the door.

Spring was made for blisses;
Then it is the vine
Shows its fragrant kisses—
None so sweet as mine.
Gathered from the lips that
Shame the rose and more,
Whence the secret slips, that
Love is at the door.

Spring was made for plighting
Lovers' troths and vows,
When the buds are lighting
In the garden boughs.
Then it was I heard that
Message, sweet, of yore—
From your lips the word that
Love is at the door.

(*Continued on next page.*)

Digitized by Google



THE BETROTHAL.

SUMMER once again, my love,
With the rose has crowned you,
And the watchful stars above
See my arm around you.

How they sparkle! How they smile!
How they gleam and glisten!
Dare you give an answer while
Those bright gossips listen?

Summer, and the little god
Still knows where to find us,
Here where fragrant roses nod
He has come to bind us.

Patient rascal! Doubtless he
Thinks us slow and stupid.
Dare you give your heart to me
In the sight of Cupid?

Summer—sweetness of the year—
Song and fragrance blended!
Time has brought us so far, dear;
Let the play be ended
Speak—my heart is beating fast—
Speak the word I long for,
So that love may win at last
What I make my song for.
Then I heard her lips confess:
All the summer in her "Yes."

(*Continued on next page.*)

"Are you sure you've got the right interpretation of it? It might be something else, you know?"

"No, there's no mistake about it. Do you know where I can get a reliable parrot?"

"Don't joke about a serious thing like that. We've got to talk this matter over, you and I. I've got an idea. I told you about that ladder."

"What has the ladder got to do with it?"

"I wish you'd give me time to say what I want to say. It takes thought. You see, there's a curious involution of the ladder and you and the thimble and me. You see that, of course. The ladder means misfortune to me. Now, if you've got to be an old maid by the stern decree of the thimble, there's my misfortune. You see that, too, don't you?"

"I don't."

"Maggie!"

"I don't, I tell you. Stop talking nonsense."

"Maggie!"

"Well, it might be your good fortune."

"Then signs don't go for anything; and if they don't go for anything for me, they don't for you. Therefore you aren't going to have your natural destiny affected by any thimble. Your natural destiny is to make me happy, and any argument or omens or oracles that get in the way have got to suffer. Now tell me."

"You mustn't do that. Don't you suppose that some of those people are watching you?"

"Let 'em. I'm in earnest now. Will you, Maggie?"

"I might," she said; "but I know you too well. If it hadn't been for the ladder—— But now if I say yes you'll always say there's lots of truth in that sign."

"I know what to do," said Duffie, suddenly. "Come back to the dining room. Never mind what I want. I'll show you. There's nobody there."

"Now," he continued, as they stood by the deserted breakfast table, "here's salt. You take a pinch. When I say the word, we both throw the salt over our left shoulder. That takes the curse off and leaves us just as we were."

"Are you sure?" she asked, dipping her fingers into a salt-cellar.

"Why, I thought everybody knew that!" he answered. "It's a certainty. One, two, three. Throw!"

And the omens were averted.

Digitized by Google

LOVE'S DANCE.

"Oh, Love's but a dance
Where Time plays the fiddle!"
—*Dobson.*

TIME, the fiddler, blithe and busy,
Keeps the world of lovers dizzy;
Everywhere you find them dancing
To his melodies entrancing—
Weak with strong ones,
Short with long ones,
Dark with light ones,
Dull with bright ones—
Foolish, frenzied, fascinated,
Rushing wildly to be mated;
Partners chosen in a hurry
With no thought of woe or worry—



Gay with sad ones,
Good with bad ones,
Sane ones often matched with mad ones,
Here, a Helen with her Paris,
There, an Earl has caught an heiress;
Beast with Beauty, lame with supple,
Whirling couple after couple;
Poor and proud ones,
Still and loud ones,
Mild and bold ones,
Young and old ones,
All the world—the wise and stupid—
Lured to love by Master Cupid:
So, Myrtilla, while the measure
Pleases, may I have the pleasure?
Happy Time, when he discovers
Us among these dancing lovers!



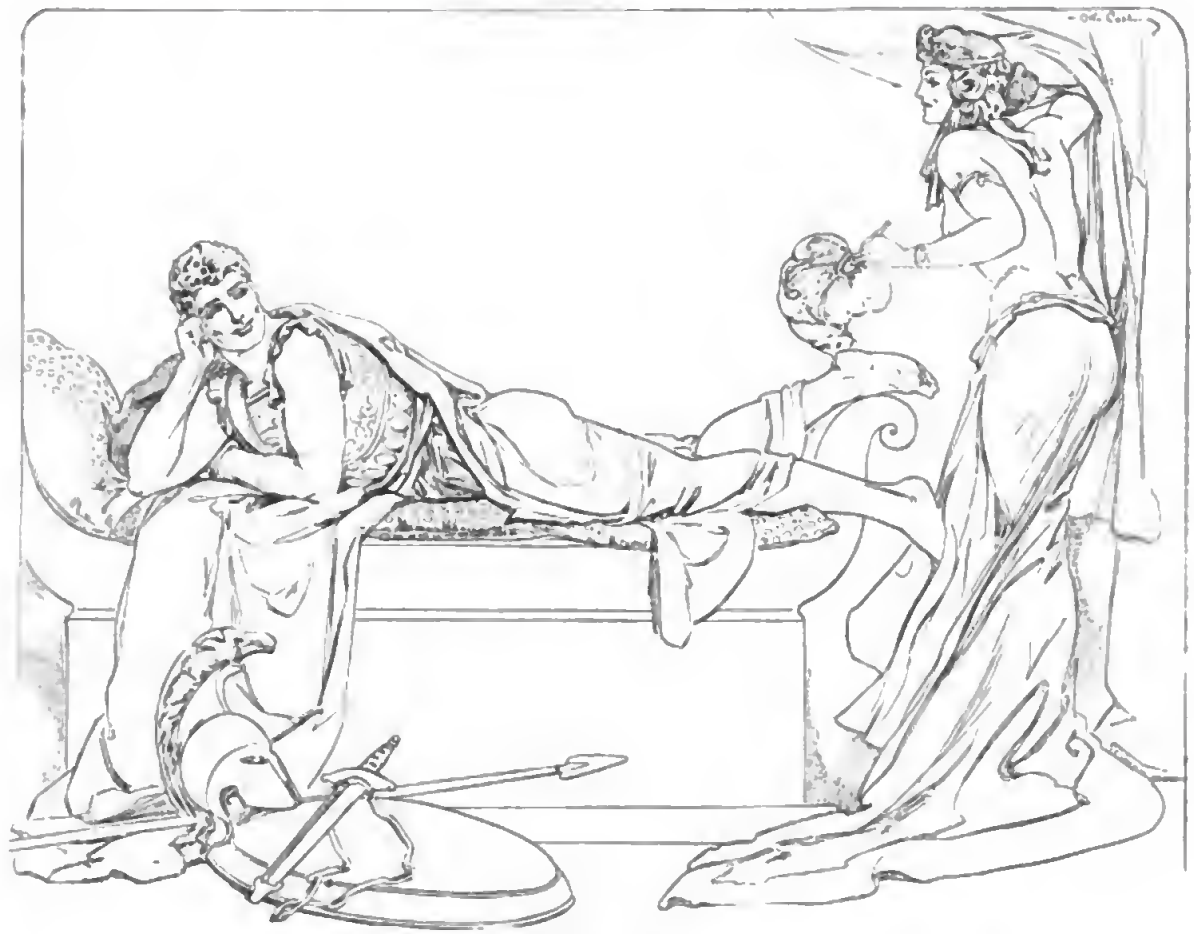
AUTUMN, and the tale is told
That has gladdened ages:
We have found our leaf of gold
In the shining pages,
Whereon Time has deftly set
All the secrets tender
Spoken since when first we met
Down to love's surrender.

WEDDED.

Autumn! How the seasons fly!
Do you still remember
How you came to me as my
Rosebud in December?
Princess Rose you were that night:
Thus it was I named you
When, a vision of delight,
In my heart love claimed you.

Autumn—twilight of the year!
Winter, soon returning,
Shall behold us still, my dear,
With the love-torch burning
Smiling princess, happy prince,
And young Cupid, clever;
Life? I know what life is, since
You are mine for ever!

Digitized by Google



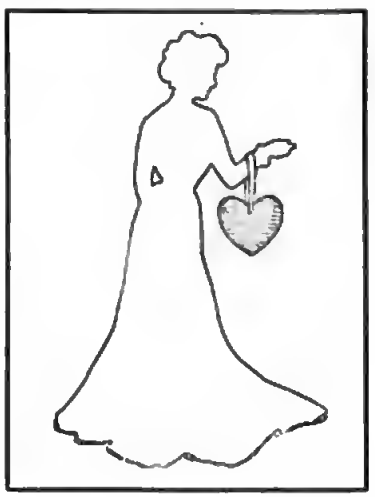
SPOKEN IN JEST.

Briseis: "What would you do if I discovered your vulnerable spot?" *Achilles:* "I'd be awfully tickled, I'm sure."



HER ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Mr. Newport: Young man, do you gamble, drink, or smoke?" *The Lover:* "N-no, sir." *Mr. Newport:* "Then you would never get along with my daughter. She is a thorough society girl."



THE GAIN.

YOU cheated me with such fair dross,
I changed and lost and cared no whit;
Nor truer gold I craved to hold—
Your tinsel was so exquisite.
I changed an honest heart for yours,
And deemed the bargain suitable,
Nor cared to guess yours valueless—
The bauble was so beautiful.

Digitized by Google



"I wish, my dear, he had made his money, instead of inheriting it. He would make you a better husband." "Nonsense, papa! Why, then he would know too well how to keep it."

Digitized by Google



Drawn by C. D. GIBSON.

AN INTERRUPTED G

Digitized by Google



AME OF SOLITAIRE.

Digitized by Google



HOW IT LOOKED.

"Ferdy's rich uncle must be dead: he's cracking jokes *ad libitum*." "Yes, and must have left him lots of money; everybody is laughing at them."



LAST night I kissed her in the hall—
My promised wife.
She said: "Now tell me truly this—
Another girl did you e'er kiss
In all your life?"

I gazed down in her pleading face
And told her "No."
Now, why did she, with pensive sigh
And sad look in her soft blue eye,
Say: "I thought so"?



NEEDED THE CASH.

Old Jones: "Do you play cards for money?" *Daughter's Lover:* "Y-yes, sir; but"——. *Old Jones:* "Well, let's have a game, I'm about broken!"

Digitized by Google



MIGHT NOT.

"You don't tell me they're married?" "Why, yes. The Reverend Dr. Talkins performed the marriage service." "Well, I hope they'll always consider it a service."



ONLY A DREAM.

Digitized by Google



THEIR INSPIRATION.



HOW IT HAPPENED.

Gladys: "So Beatrice is at last married? How did she come to take the plunge?"
Ethel: "She didn't. She was shoved off by six younger sisters."



COMPLIMENT.

"To me," he cried, "you are as beautiful as you think you are."

Foolish thing that she should believe him.

But what girl is there, alas! whose head is not to be turned by a compliment, if it be sufficiently great; who does not forget, even in the moment of moments when it behoves her to remember, that men are liars?

Digitized by Google



LANDMARKS

He: "I beg your pardon—I—er—didn't quite catch your name, but if you had a red rose in your dress when you first came, I—er—think this is our dance!"

Digitized by Google



IN THE NATURE OF THINGS.

"Another historical novel, eh? But I suppose it's about like the rest." "Oh, well, history repeats itself, and you can hardly expect the historical novels to do otherwise."

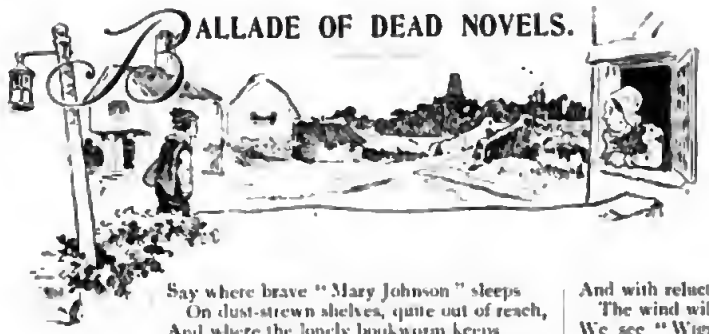


PROOF POSITIVE.

Mary: "Jane tells me that her *fiancé* is worth twenty thousand pounds. Do you believe it?" *Ann:* "He must be worth more than that. Why, he paid taxes on five thousand without a murmur."

Digitized by Google

BALLADE OF DEAD NOVELS.



I WONDER in what auction rooms
One bids for "Trilby" eighteenpence,
Or where the "Audrey" craze still booms,
Or "David Harum's" thought immense;
Where "Eben Holden" now is sold?
The wind has blown them all away;
The tales that flourished once are old—
Where are the books of yesterday?

Say where brave "Mary Johnson" sleeps
On dust-strewn shelves, quite out of reach,
And where the lonely bookworm keeps
Its guard of "Weyman," once a "peach";
Where are the yarns of cloak and sword?
The wind has blown them all away;
No more "best sellers" are they scored—
Where are the books of yesterday?

The knighthood that was once in flower,
It seems, alas! has gone to seed;
The rural tale that once had power
Has gasped its last "B'gosh!" indeed.
And with reluctant hand on latch—
The wind will blow it soon away—
We see "Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
Where are the books of yesterday?



Alas for Wiggses, Harums, all!
The wind has blown them quite away.
The "rubes," the swordsmen, great and small—
Where are the books of yesterday?



THE BRUTE.

Dolly: "I told him never to speak to me again."
Daisy: "Did he deserve such treatment?"
Dolly: "Y-y-yes. H-he h-hasn't!"



JUST BEFORE THE CURTAIN RISES.

She: "It's highly improper for you to see me in this costume. You must go right back in the audience at once, sir!"

Digitized by Google



GONE AWAY!

THE fox slinks through the tangled grass,
But Di's bright eye has seen him pass;
She gives him all the "law" she may,
Then calls a ringing
"Gone away!"

Poor brute! like him, I've often tried
For refuge by Diana's side;
But near her feet I may not stay,
Fate sums my story—
"Gone away!"

Digitized by Google



Actress: "I want you to mention the fact of my diamonds being stolen." "When did it happen?" "Next week."

Digitized by Google



She: "Oh, she married a Duke, and lived happy ever after." *He:* I thought they had parted" *She:* "That is why she is happy."



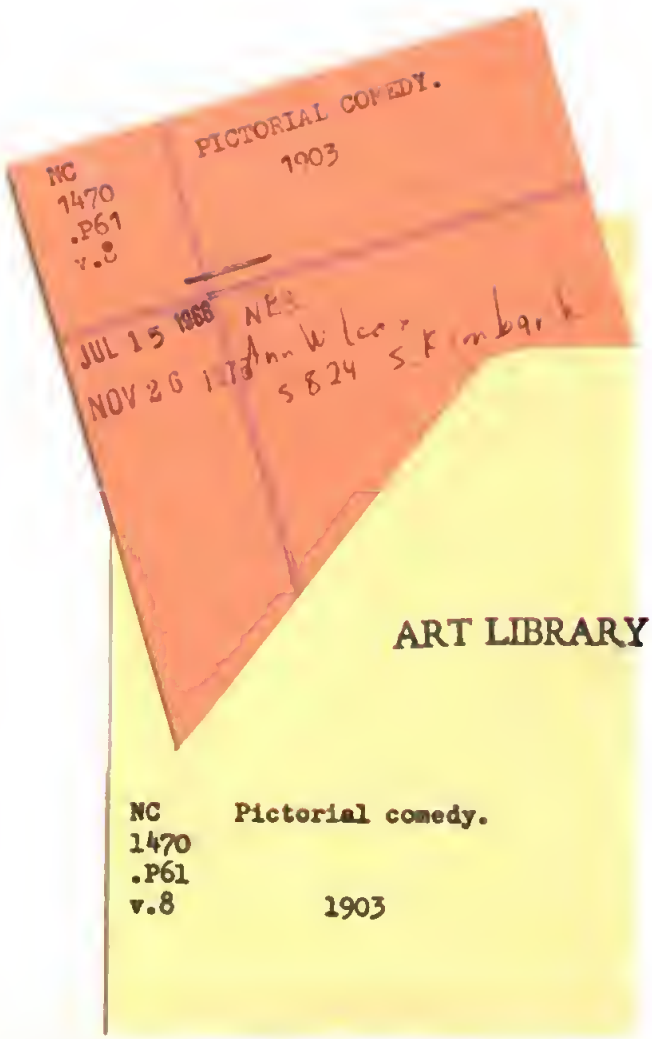
SKY SCRAPERS.

"Are we near the earth, captain?"

"Oh, no. We have only reached the roof of the New York Rolling-Pin Building."



Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
097 085 546